

FASHIONABLE INFIDELITY,

OR THE

TRIUMPH OF PATIENCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BRITISH MUSEUM



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*Sunt enim, ingeniis nostris semina innata virtutum,
quæ si adolescere liceret, ipsa nos ad beatam
vitam natura perduceret.*

CICERO TUSC.

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CONTENTS.

NARRATIVE XXI.

THOUGHTS on suicide.

NAR. XXII.

Reparation of wrong attempted—innocence justified—calumny conquered—the dispensations of Providence proved.

NAR. XXIII.

Miss Primmer confronted with the Dutchess of Clarencour—the character of Lady Raymond triumphs.

NAR. XXIV.

Confession of the Dutchess of Montfort—the Duke of Clarencour reconciled to Lord Raymond.

NAR. XXV.

Mr. Fitzroy finds his daughter in a convent.

NAR.

NAR. XXVI.

Anecdote of a friar.

NAR. XXVII.

Miss Delrow detained in the convent.

NAR. XXVIII.

Mutual compromise for a divorce.

NAR. XXIX.

Malony made the instrument to recover Miss Delrow.

NAR. XXX.

Miss Delrow leaves the convent—an attempt of seduction by a friar.

NAR. XXXI.

Infamous artifice of an abbess.

NAR. XXXII.

The English party arrive in England—Lord Raymond taught the true value of life—His accession of fortune, and triumph over calumny.

NAR. XXXIII.

Tragical fall of the Dutchess of Montfort.

Scattered sentences, &c.

Providential interposition in human affairs—
Miss Delrow finds her lover.

NAR.

NAR. XXXIV.

Miss Delrow insulted by Mrs. Courtray.

NAR. XXXV.

Miss Delrow restored to hope.

NAR. XXXVI.

Triumph over suicide.

NAR. XXXVII.

Lady Raymond imparts counsel to Miss Delrow, but her constitution supercedes the strength of her mind—Reward of constancy, of firmness under affliction.

NAR. XXXVIII.

Tender meeting of the lovers—A short episode to introduce a singular character.

NAR. XXXIX.

Mr. Bygrove's anecdote at Lord Raymond's of suicide—Charlotte and Werter condemned as a book of dangerous tendency—The Marquis gives another instance of his gallantry which reflects honour on the French nation—Fresh interruption of happiness of the lovers—Challenge.

NAR. XL.

Duel—Happy termination of Miss Delrow's misery—Striking instance of providential agency in human affairs.

CHAPTER XXIV

Mr. Deane's letter to Mr. Conway.

CHAPTER XXV

Mr. Deane's letter to Mr. Conway.

CHAPTER XXVI

Mr. Deane's letter to Mr. Conway.

CHAPTER XXVII

Mr. Deane's letter to Mr. Conway. The letter is a long one, and contains much interesting information. It is a letter of a private nature, and is not intended for publication. It is a letter of a private nature, and is not intended for publication.

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CHAPTER XXX

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PATIENCE.

NARRATIVE XXI.

WHEN Morpet cast his eyes on Lord Raymond and Colonel Obrian—consternated with the event which had passed—his senses absorbed in an act of such horror—such despondency—he stood aghast, be-

wildered, trembling, lost in amazement—
terrible, indeed, was the meeting !

“Curfed misfortune to be thus ex-
posed !” was his epithet.

“Lord Raymond, I conjure you to with-
draw from the prefence of a man who
derives the greateft portion of his wretch-
edness from the wrongs he has done you
—the fight of your prefence heaps a ftill
greater load of agony upon me. I have
failed in my purpofe ; but I have not
furvived my refolution.”

Colonel Obrian and Mr. Wright now
interpofed. The fhock which Morpet had
received from the great agitation of his spi-
rits funk him to the earth. His face was
alfo much fcorched, and in great pain.

Lord Raymond retired with Colonel
Obrian, rejoiced at this unexpected meet-
ing—The particulars of his rendezvous
was there explained, and the nature of the
report of the piftol.

Mr. Wright remained with the unhappy Morpet, whom he accompanied to Mr. Dessein's hotel.

The clergyman having found the gloom prevail on the mind of Morpet, and having in vain used his rhetoric to encourage him to reply to his arguments, thought of introducing a bottle of wine, with some repast. He had reason to believe that nature was not only relaxed by a great anxiety of mind, but also by the want of proper sustenance. It entered his mind, therefore, that refreshment might operate as a medicine, and induce him to dispel the melancholy which had taken possession of him.

They had not been long seated before Morpet's servant entered the room, shewing the most passionate joy at the sight of his master. He had been running all over Calais to seek him out, he said. "And who gave you permission to follow me?" replied Morpet.

"Oh, Sir," answered the young man, "there wanted no great skill to guess at

“ the business you was about. I had for
 “ these two days observed the distracted
 “ condition of your mind ; and this morn-
 “ ing, having noted your pistols, I con-
 “ fess I had the boldness to unscrew the
 “ barrels and take out the balls ; and very
 “ heartily glad I am that your life has been
 “ saved through my means.”

This reply of the servant threw him into
 a temporary fit of anger. It gave a turn
 to the extreme gloom which prevailed in
 him. Mr. Wright now filled up a glass of
 wine, which Morpet swallowed ; and,
 turning to the servant, asked him if he had
 taken the packet where he had ordered
 him ? He replied in the affirmative,
 and, with much satisfaction on his coun-
 tenance, left his master, who was by this
 time seated over the table, and preparing
 to take some sustenance.

Mr. Wright was a person of sagacity,
 had long mixed in all the ranks of life, and
 being, in some degree, acquainted with the
 particulars of Morpet's history, from Miss

Delrow and others in the convent, concluded, that though he was agreeably disappointed in seeing Lord Raymond restored to life, whom he concluded had fallen by his hand, yet he thought he noted marks of melancholy, which betokened a future attempt to destroy himself.

Great distress of mind, the result of a violent impression from human accidents, cause a temporary mania. Brooding long over a single subject of distress, repels every other worldly concern. Beyond the object of the present sorrow, there is no other adventitious incident to awaken the senses to the impulse of pleasure or pain, and the souls droop under the oppression. If the mind is not stored with images, the body loses the vibrative power of existence, and an insupportable languor renders it beyond the endurance of the possessor. To recall it then to the functions of life, by disseminating over it the impressions of extraneous objects, will rouse the maniac from his lethargy. He is amused—spurred on to the encounter of the succession of events,

and delights to live because he has some object to pursue.

These were the sentiments of this gentleman, who, when he observed Morpet to be roused from his torper on the sight of his servant, and when he received the wine, favourably concluded, that he would not be averse to some kind of argument. But the kind of argument required management and delicacy. To amuse him with a foreign occurrence to the nature of his disorder, he knew would be repelled. The object of that disorder must be flattered, and a gentle and gradual change applied, to lead the train of his ideas to the contemplation of other images. Religious admonition could not have any power over him. Had he been influenced with the awful tenets which it impresses on its votaries, patience and resignation, under the great afflictions of life, would have inspired him with resolution to surmount every temptation to sink under them.

He therefore addressed him by observing, that the history of life, in all ages, had
been

been marked with trouble and misery, and that he was surprised more persons were not inclined to rid themselves of existence.

“ Though I may here interpose in the
 “ attempt which you have made on your
 “ life, I myself have, perhaps, been ex-
 “ posed to similar trials, and as powerful
 “ temptation. From the same impulse,
 “ therefore, I step between you and your
 “ rashness. Oftentimes, when all human
 “ efficacy has failed — when trembling
 “ amidst the accumulated evils of life — a
 “ solitary individual — no friend to solace
 “ — and assailed by numberless distresses,
 “ I have contemplated existence as a mon-
 “ strous hydra, whose tremendous appear-
 “ ance has impelled me to run from it;
 “ but soon hurried from the monster by a
 “ fresh accession of cares, I have found
 “ him to diminish in stature and appear-
 “ ance, and I have ridiculed my former
 “ impressions of disgust.

“ I have found too, that relaxation from
 “ sickness, or various other causes inci-

“ dental to human beings, have recalled
“ the monster to my presence.

“ Alas! Sir, we are at one moment the
“ sport of our ailments; at the other, the
“ sport of our caprice: but unless we have
“ either ingenuity to seek for other ob-
“ jects, or courage to fly our momentary
“ displeasures, we might soon find an ex-
“ cuse to load our engines of destruc-
“ tion.

“ Believe me, Sir, the supine being is
“ more exposed to these impressions than
“ the active. The former is continually
“ assailed by the most formidable enemy;
“ the latter has always a guardian genius
“ vigilant over our happiness. Our reason
“ derives no energy from its natural
“ powers; it must be invigorated by ad-
“ jutory ones, derived from surrounding
“ cases, objects, passions. The pursuits
“ of life give vigour to our souls, and our
“ reason is affirmed in proportion to the
“ activity of our minds.”

Morpet's curiosity was now engaged—
 he found a companion in worldly grief—
 he filled another glass of wine. Mr.
 Wright joined his glass with him, and
 continued by observing, that “we should
 “not suffer ourselves to be deluded by
 “every unpleasant impulse — we must
 “exert our reason in these cases, and re-
 “call our resolution to surmount our diffi-
 “culty. If under these imperfections of
 “the human frame we find our health im-
 “paired, our constitution to languish, we
 “must then have recourse to expedients to
 “invigorate the one for the conversation
 “of the other. Come, Sir, fill the
 “glass; and my life upon it you will
 “soon invigorate the frowns of life with
 “more temper and indifference.”

Mr. Wright accompanied his sententious
 maxims with a song:

The world is a mixture of pleasure and pain;
 To-day we're enraptur'd with bliss;
 To-morrow, if Chloe but frowns with disdain,
 We're ready to die for a kiss.

The lawyer will snarl when his client is
poor;

For the tythe pig the parson will fret;
The loss of their fees hungry doctors de-
plore,

And the tradesman will starve for his
debt.

If all ranks have troubles and cares to
perplex,

Let us smile at these bubbles of life;
For the want of a bumper we only should
vex,

Or in wedlock when teiz'd by a wife.

The good humour of Mr. Wright, the
wine and supper, operated on the spirits of
Morpet. He now confessed, that men
were too indeliberate in their actions, and
that an impaired constitution might prevail
over their reason and fortitude. This,
doubtless, was his own case; for a long
course of intemperance had reduced his
constitution to the acute sense of every jar
that might possibly affect it. He declared
also, that he experienced many moments

of such extreme lowness, that he had been, without any visible cause, haunted by a fascinating impulse to destroy himself on several occasions,

“ Do you not then,” replied Mr. Wright, “ consider yourself as a man in a state of bodily infirmity, and requiring the assistance of a friendly physician to restore you to a sound state of health ?”

He observed, that he was acquainted with some traits of his history ; and, without making any apology for the intrusion, he considered himself so much the friend of humanity as to delight in any opportunity of rendering an individual service.

Encouraged by Morpet, he proceeded, and entering with more freedom into the nature of his malady, he spoke in a direct and forcible manner.

“ Either, Sir,” says he, “ you must feel the consequence of your conduct in the affair of Lady Raymond with the deepest contrition, or your feelings must be ag-

" gravated by disappointment. In the
 " first case, your atonement may be ample
 " by proper concession; in the latter, your
 " reason must be called to your assistance,
 " and the man must triumph over the
 " weakness of the passions — over motives
 " of effeminacy. Your fortune, perhaps,
 " has enabled you to accomplish a satiety
 " in pleasures of a motly nature, and your
 " mind cannot brook the loss of the object
 " in pursuit — vanity indulged — the senses
 " will be appalled — a little suspension, and
 " the recent tragedy will be forgotten.
 " Change the scene for a short space of
 " time, and you will wonder at your in-
 " temperance. Your pursuit of Lady
 " Raymond, and your resolute violence in
 " consequence of your frustrated measures,
 " arise from this motive. Fly, then, and
 " you may still live to laugh at your folly.
 " Your mind may assume the powers of
 " reason, and society may be hereafter
 " benefited by your reformation of man-
 " ners."

The pointed language of Mr. Wright
 was received with conviction. Morpet ten-
 dered

dered him his hand across the table, and animadverted on his rashness in his past conduct with sorrow, and seemed abashed at the resolute measure he had undertaken to attempt his life in such a wanton manner.

He confessed to Mr. Wright that he had been deeply sensible of the injuries which he had caused Lord Raymond; that his mind had been tortured with the stretch of despair for a considerable time; that, in every point of light he contemplated his proceedings, he knew that his life must be hazarded on the event; that, on the discovery of his plot against Lady Raymond, his spirits at once forsook him, and which he attributed, in a great measure, to fatigue of body, as well as from real remorse and repugnance at his crimes. Many days, he said, he had passed without his natural rest and natural refreshment; and this, joined with a disturbed imagination from the thoughts of having been the assassin of Lord Raymond, he believed might have conspired to work him up to the perpetration of suicide.

Here

Here the argument of Mr. Wright was found to have the greatest efficacy. He still entered into a farther detail on his unhappy situation, and prevailed on him to retire to rest, beseeching him to suffer him to remain in his apartment till the morning.

NARRA-

NARRATIVE XXII.

MISS Delrow fought Lord Raymond in the cloister—He was introduced to Lady Raymond. The meeting was proportionable to the extreme anxiety they both had undergone. Silence and tears bespoke the returning happiness of her soul.

Nature is oftentimes fraught with extraordinary powers to preserve the human mind from the danger it is exposed to on the sudden transports of pleasure and pain. The wan and pale countenance of Lord Raymond, from the fatigue of the journey, and the unhealed state of his wounds, intercepted too great a portion of rapture on the meeting. She beheld him with anxiety—and he, on his side, contemplating the wretched

wretched situation of his affairs, repelled from his heart the too-melting endearments of her affectionate embraces.

She had received a packet of papers by the hands of Morpet's servant — they contained his will, wherein he had made her inheritor of some estates at his death—the form of which was stated in the French language, and drawn up by a notary of Calais. It was accompanied by the following note:

“ TO LADY RAYMOND.

“ After you have received this testimony
 “ of my remorse for the wrongs I have
 “ caused you, my expiation will be com-
 “ pleted. Pity the irregular passions of
 “ a wretched man, and sign his pardon
 “ with a tear, shed over his guilty delu-
 “ sions.

“ MORPET.”

The Dutchess of Montfort was to have departed the ensuing day with the Duke,

whose plans of pursuit after his darling son Edward, was tinged with no small degree of Quixotism. This did not escape the perception of the Dutchess, whose business it was to prevail on him to stay some little time longer at Calais, especially as her health would not permit her to accompany him.

It was observed that two reasons had prevailed on the Duke to undertake this random course: the one to overtake Lord Edward, and to endeavour to invite him over to England again; and the other, to escape from the love assault of the Dutchess. He was now convinced of the necessity of remaining a few days longer at Calais—but as he found himself lodged under the same roof with his eldest son, whom the strange coincidence of things had jostled in his way, he seemed apprehensive of the necessity of a meeting, and which, in the forlorn state of affairs, would, perhaps, as much derange the oeconomy of his purpose, as cause him a fresh addition of trouble.

In the morning, as the Duke was debating the expediency of the moment over his tea with the Dutchess, Colonel Obrian's name was ushered for admittance. There was a necessity to clear the character of Lady Raymond from the aspersions which had been levelled against it, and which, at the unnatural meeting between the Duke and the unfortunate Lord Raymond, had been suffered to escape from his mouth. There wanted little penetration to discover from whence the instigation of the Duke derived. The author of the calumny was in his presence.

Colonel Obrian was admitted—he discoursed on the history of Lord Raymond's misfortunes—to the period of his arrival at Calais—truth at last prevails, with a miraculous agency—The Duke acknowledged that his son had been severely punished for his follies—The silence of the Dutchess was conspicuous—the waited the absence of Obrian to operate on the mind of the Duke, who seemed, at this instant, to be melted into forgiveness and parental tenderness,
by

by the energy with which this friend of the Raymond's had developed their misfortunes. Another instance of the most persuasive and overwhelming nature confirmed him in his sentiments.

Morpet burst into the room—the Duke and Dutchess had just learnt from Obrian the affair of the overnight. A large black plaster covered one side of his face, which had been violently scorched with gunpowder. The Dutchess screamed.

“Madam” replied Morpet, “I am not
 “surprised you appear to be alarmed at
 “my presence. I accuse you as the au-
 “thorefs of all the misfortunes which has
 “happened to the Duke’s family. You
 “was the first to propagate scandal against
 “Lord Raymond, and to injure him in the
 “opinion of the Duke his father. What-
 “ever failings he may have had, I hear
 “stand self-accused as the chief abettor of
 “his follies—but where the efficacy of
 “my crime missed of its effect, you was
 “careful to make up the deficiency by
 “your cruel detraction against the purity
 of

“ of his innocent lady. Justice, strict jus-
 “ tice, Madam, is now the only compen-
 “ sation I have in my power for the misery.
 “ I have occasioned. My life I attempted
 “ to sacrifice as an expiation; but fate
 “ seems inclined that I should be preserved
 “ to draw down the punishment you have
 “ occasioned them to undergo. Were you
 “ not the first person who insidiously pro-
 “ pagated reports to criminate Lady Ray-
 “ mond in all companies? Instigated by
 “ such reports, I kept pace with great stra-
 “ tagem. They gave into the snare. Lord
 “ George was traduced — Lord Edward
 “ extenuated — and why? — Lady Fanny
 “ was your daughter — but such crimes are
 “ not suffered to go long unpunished.
 “ There is a vigilant Power to protect in-
 “ nocence through the storm raised against
 “ it by the baseness of detraction. The
 “ weapons we have made use of in the
 “ assassinating scheme against others now
 “ turn upon ourselves. Tremble, Madam.
 “ Lady George Raymond is innocent —
 “ Lady Fanny is criminal. I, Madam,
 “ will bring proof. Wretch that I am —
 “ here is the witness of her infidelity. It

“ was

“ was my glory, Madam, to take advantage of the weakness of the sex—but I repent of my crimes—I am prepared, a banished man, to hide my guilty head from the ground where I trod in the mazes of infamy, and seek more distant countries, where my reformation shall make an atonement.”

He pulled the following letter from his pocket :

THE LETTER.

“ How shall I relate the sorrows and the guilt of my heart ? Oh, Mr. Morpet, to what point of evil will you extend your actions ? You are not satisfied with the misery of one unhappy woman, who has been humbled by your artifice, but you are inclined to bring—perhaps you have already brought, another helpless female at your feet. From the fulness of my deep contrition, on the sacrifice which one detested and defenceless moment made me yield to your baseness, I now conjure you to desist from the black scheme you are meditating. Unhappy Raymond ! Poor devoted Lord George !

“ Shame

“ Shame—shame—I am too much oppressed with the crime to dwell on the nature of your perfidy. In the hurry of my senses I can only say, that one sentiment of humanity can be recalled to your heart.

“ On my knees I beseech you to spare my sister.

“ The bleeding

“ FRANCES RAYMOND.”

“ The post, Madam, brought me this letter,”—and he tossed it to the Dutchess, who exclaimed it was a forgery, and who conjured the Duke to defend her against the disagreeable behaviour of Morpet.

“ My Lord Duke,” he resumed, “I have here divulged my perfidy only to do ample justice to your family. As for my life, I have placed too little value upon it to fear any man’s resentment—while I live, I now only wish to live for better principles. The greatness of your
“ spirit,

“ spirit, I hope, will not permit you to wound
 “ my soul still deeper by your reproaches.

“ If the Dutches continues to assert her
 “ innocence in the face of the most mon-
 “ trous artifice and guilt, there is a lady in
 “ the house who shall be produced to con-
 “ front her Grace, and prove that she was
 “ the propagator of the reports circulated
 “ to draw you into a scheme of matrimony.
 “ Miss Primmer was her accomplice—she
 “ is here ready to prove it.

“ Greatly abandoned as may be my cha-
 “ racter, and however greatly repreh-
 “ sible and vile, this my betraying of an
 “ unhappy woman may be considered I
 “ have done it, to rescue innocence from
 “ oppression and black detraction.

“ Lady Fanny deserves punishment for
 “ the interested connection with Edward,
 “ whom she confessed she never loved;
 “ and had I not been the successful para-
 “ mour, infidelity was ripe to consign its
 “ favours to any other gallant.”

The Dutchess now trembled in the presence of this extraordinary character—she was alarmed.

The Duke was all amazement—a flash of truth shot across his mind. He saw probability in the desperate avowal of Morpet.

NARRA-

NARRATIVE XXIII.

A Whimsical circumstance now occurred in the hotel, which will arrest our attention before we resume the leading feature of the history.

Miss Primmer and Signor Posturani were on the spur of departure. The traveling equipage was at the gate—the lady in waiting, but the Signor was not to be found. She had waited a considerable time—and emissaries were dispatched in search of the Italian dancer. Strange was the report which at last reached her ear—he had actually skipped into a packet boat which had hoisted her sails for England, and he was half way over before Miss Primmer had heard of his flight.

This odd affair was soon explained by the valet of the Dutchess, who happened to be of the same country of Posturani, and knowing him in no better condition than himself, conceived a jealousy at his good fortune, and contrived a plan to scare him from the prey he was ready to devour.

Thus Buonduci, the valet, at once to flatter the resentment of her Grace, whom he knew conceived no little enmity against Miss Primmer, whose tongue had been too free with her character in England, and to delight his malignity against the lucky stars of his countryman, produced a letter to Posturani, which, he said, had been written to the Dutchess since her arrival at Calais. He said he had found it on the dressing table, and the contents of which he had heard from the mouth of her Grace.

It stated, that Miss Primmer, to acquire a greater portion of interest for her money than she could have from a regular bank interest, had entrusted her capital in the hands of a merchant, who had actually
 6 failed,

failed, and the lady would of course be effectually *disbed up*.

This the rapidity of Posturani made him take for granted, without a demur; and as he thought there could be no great harm, and very little time lost, in taking a trip over to England to enquire into the precise verity of the assertion, so he set off without a formal *congé*, and had left the lady in amazement at his disappearance.

Personal charms we have found were not the attractive powers of Miss Primmer—and Posturani was alarmed at the thoughts of a matrimonial contract without the preponderancy of money.

The terrible dilemma of Miss Primmer is better conceived than expressed. She waited three days with the greatest impatience. At the end of which time Posturani returned, and proceeded to call Buonduci to an account for the truth of the report, who still screened himself under the trick of the letter.

Posturani therefore conceiving the same to have been invented by the English party at Calais, whom he knew had no great favour for the mistress of his pursuit; and as he had been made the dupe of his credulity, so his choler was excited; and on whom to fix his resentment was now what passed in his mind.

During the absence of Posturani, Morpet having made a point to wait on Miss Primer, insisting on her standing forth to do ample justice to the characters of Lord and Lady Raymond, whom they had jointly traduced. This lady, finding herself unsupported by a male friend, and dreading the menaces which he had denounced against her, if she did not consent to the propositions he directed to her, had the mortification to find herself forced into the presence of the Duke of Clarencour, the Dutchess of Montfort, the Raymonds, and their friend Obrian. Being overawed and terrified by the threats of Morpet, she supplicated their forgiveness in the most humiliating condition.

This exposure, in strict justice, the lady amply merited, and which it was not in her power to recede from by any the least degree of subterfuge, being too openly confronted by Morpet.

But the pride of her heart was now turned to revenge, and she was determined to punish Morpet for the insult and humble situation which he had exacted from her.

The blood of Posturani was now chafed from the trick that had been imposed upon him, and the treatment which his mistress had received from the English in his absence. He contrived to encounter Morpet the same day that he arrived on the ramparts of the town, in an unfrequented spot, where this unhappy libertine was doomed to terminate, by the hand of an all-wise and searching Providence, his guilty career.

His body was found on the ramparts of the town, and the Italian had escaped into

Flanders before the magistracy could be dispatched to apprehend him.

Miss Primmer, on all sides surrounded with apprehension, shame, and, perhaps, some little remorse, by the severity of her punishment, which her imprudent tongue and conduct had justly drawn upon her, took the first opportunity to change her plan for England.

Disasters of this alarming nature having arisen from the pernicious habit of slander, and possibly accelerated by the concerted artifice of the Dutchess of Montfort, her Grace seemed to droop daily in spirits. A variety of concurring circumstances also conspired to operate a most extraordinary change in her behaviour and manner.

Her former conduct in life had been marked with an overbearing obstinacy. Inflexible in her sentiments, she had endeavoured to force every opposition of opinion to yield to her influence; and when she
failed

failed in personal negotiation, she had recourse to artful insinuations by secondary friends, and every concomitant species of intrigue adapted to the interest of her views. With this portion of human policy the success of her concerns had been hitherto ripened to her wishes — but she had now the grief to find her political projects terminate with the entire destruction of the fabric of her hopes.

By her address she had coupled her daughter, Lady Fanny Athlone, with Lord Edward Raymond. Her Court influence had strengthened by this connection ; and she had made a considerable progress in her matrimonial views on the Duke of Clarenceur.

This promised an accession of power, and the accomplishment of other views, flattering to her wishes. But now, from unexpected events, a resolution had sprung up, which threatened an entire subversion of those projects. She found the intrigue of her daughter had been shamefully divulged

by an unhappy frantic character — the consequence of her marriage, big with every calamity. The Raymonds, whom she had been sedulous to debase in the estimation of the world, and to ruin in the parental regard of the Duke, were now ready to triumph over her perfidy. The Duke still fluctuating on the marriage negotiation, and beginning to be sensible of her devices to bring it about. These reflections oppressed her usual flow of spirits, and she became indifferent and melancholy.

Several days had now transpired since their arrival at Calais. The Duke was also inclined to continue his stay some short time longer, having dispatched a messenger to follow Lord Edward, in the expedition of gallantry, with his letter to him, and who he had received information was in route from Boulogne to Paris, where he had landed.

The body of Morpet had been decently taken care of by Lord Raymond, and prepared

pared to be sent over to England, with an attested report from the magistrates of Calais as to the nature and particulars of his death. He had received a thrust in his body with a small sword, but whether in the cause of a mutual assault between him and Posturani was a matter of doubt. He was found extended on the ramparts, and his sword by the side of him, where he had, probably, been decoyed by his adversary—but as no particular facts had transpired, it was not possible to draw any inference from his death, whether he had been treated with foul play, or had fallen in a *rencontre* by this Italian, who had taken upon him to resent the affront shewn to Miss Primmer, and the absurd trick and false assertion which had been imposed on his credulity.

Certain it was, the affair had been transacted in the evening—and it was also natural to suppose that Mr. Morpet would not have placed himself on a footing with a man in Posturani's condition of life, to accept of a meeting on an affair of honour.

These conjectures served to strengthen the surmise of foul play having been made use of against him. There was also another circumstance started to justify suspicion of unfair proceeding on the side of the operadancer. A man deposed, that he was ordered by Posturani to carry a verbal message as coming from the Marquis de la Trouille to give a meeting on the ramparts. The affair of his snapping a pistol at this officer, when he interposed in the violence, which he had shewn to Lady Raymond, had reached the ear of Posturani—but this may have served only as a bait for the meeting, and Morpet may have been thus compelled to have stood on the defensive.

The flight of Posturani from the *adorable* Miss Primmer may, perhaps, at first be thought somewhat extraordinary — but there was no small foundation to ground a conjecture that he had contracted a fresh amour, and was not thoroughly reconciled to connubial felicity with a lady of such asperity of manners as Miss Primmer doubtless

less was, though an equipoise of her fortune was to be thrown into the scale of her attachment.

The sequel, indeed, proved the truth of this observation. Posturani returned to England. Miss Primmer found herself neglected. He was in favour with another female, whom he shortly espoused, and, removing to the Continent, found money and friends to procure a commission in the Neapolitan service.

Thus the vengeance of fate most formidably fell on the disappointed Miss Primmer, who outlived her schemes of defamation against her acquaintance, and had the mortification to find her old friends turn their backs upon her. This she endeavoured to reconcile by resorting to fresh parties—but British decorum, ever true in the end to the cause of virtue and innocence, made the situation of this lady too uneasy to remain in England for any length of time. Ultimately, she was obliged to

enter into a voluntary banishment on foreign ground among the impure females, who had imprudently sacrificed their fame and character to the fickle shrine of illicit intrigue.

NARRA-

NARRATIVE XXIV.

LORD Raymond having recovered his health, was preparing to set off for England : but he was prevented by the Duke, who cordially solicited him to remain a few days longer at Calais till his messenger returned from his son Edward.

The most affectionate meeting had taken place between them : but the spirit of Lord George was too great to propose any redress in his own affairs, unless overtures had been first started by his father.

The Duke was naturally a man of a warm temper, and great pains had been taken by the Dutcheſs of Montfort to strengthen her interest at the expence of the

the character of Lord George; she had therefore, on several occasions, found an opportunity of chafing him against his son; who, being his eldest, many suggestions had been raised that he was eagerly waiting his death, to enjoy his title and fortune. Sentiments always incongenial to a parent, and always found to operate as the surest means to increase resentment — but he had now a sad demonstration of the self-interestedness of the Dutches, and very obviously found the reason why she had endeavoured to estrange his affection from Lord Raymond.

Gaming had been his principal propensity, and Morpet his chief lure to it. But he had now deeply felt his error, and his other imprudences had been the cause of fatal anguish and disaster.

The Duke, sensible of this change in Lord George, resumed that confidence he had in him, when he returned to his country from his campaigns in America, where his conduct had merited the distinguished marks of favour from his Sovereign.

Thus

Thus the Dutcheſs of Montfort found an empaffioned reconciliation had taken place between the Duke and his ſon ; and as we are often governed by extremes in our ſentiments, ſo he had changed his reſentment into the kindeſt favour. Her pride thus taking fire at the proſpect of her project being defeated, ſhe could not brook the thoughts of receiving any coldneſs and incivility from him, and mortified to the moſt inward reſeſs of her heart, in having made ſuch free advances in a union with his Grace, ſhe took a violent reſolution to leave Calais for England. But if ſhe turned her thoughts to her country, what an alarming proſpect of diſtreſs and approaching humility for a woman of her high rank and character to ſubmit to ! and yet, on theſe reflections, her ſoul ſeemed to ſoar beyond their influence.

The world muſt have the ſtrongeſt reaſon to impeach the purity of her conduct. To accompany the Duke on the Continent, after reports had been raiſed to inſtil a perſuaſion of a mutual attachment ſubſiſting
between

between them, must carry with it every appearance of indecorum and indelicacy.

To return—to leave the Duke in France, and to give up all thoughts of a matrimonial alliance between them, seemed at once insupportable to her high spirit, as well as consistent with her fame—but her pride inclined much rather to the capricious slander of the public, than to the risk of being mortified with the Duke's coldness or repulse.

When the character of the Dutchess is truly considered, we shall find that a natural propensity to artifice was her leading trait. It seemed to be the study of her life to carry her plans, by the strength of ingenuity, when her own inherent qualities, rank and fortune, might have operated the same expedients—but she was doomed to be the martyr of her unhappy artifice. In every point of view it will be found that the deceit and artful schemes of her plans were pointed ultimately against herself, and her Grace entrapped in those snares which she

she had laid for others ; so unchangeably true it is, that integrity, and an open ingenuous conduct, will in the end prove our true interest and surest happiness.

Before she left Calais, she ordered her servants to refuse an admittance to the Duke, whatever might be his pretences—in which she stedfastly persisted, notwithstanding some urgent solicitation on his side had taken place.

On her departure, the Duke was presented with her note :

“ I leave your Grace in full possession
 “ of your inclinations — but as I cannot
 “ believe all sentiments of honour will be
 “ extinguished in your mind at the recol-
 “ lection of my imprudence and ill-ad-
 “ vised conduct, so I take my leave, in
 “ full assurance that my situation, on my
 “ arrival in England, will not be wholly
 “ forgotten by you.

“ I have been, perhaps, too intent on
 “ my worldly interest ; but there can be
 found

“ found an expiation to extenuate my
“ errors.

“ Adieu,

“ MONTFORT.”

The Duke read the note with a marked affliction — he had reason to dread the violence of the high-spirited Dutcheffs. Whatever might have been her past offences, she had certainly gained some ascendancy over his mind, and, perhaps, had made some little impression on his feelings and affections.

NARRA-

NARRATIVE XXV.

A Dinner had been ordered at the hotel by the Duke ; to which were invited all the friends of Lord and Lady Raymond, consisting of Colonel Obrian, the gallant Marquis de la Trouille, and Mr. Wright the clergyman, who had ingratiated himself into the favour of the English party.

A Mr. Fitzroy, an Irish gentleman, and an acquaintance of the Duke, had just arrived, and accidentally meeting each other in the hotel, was made also one of the party—but the happiness of Lady Raymond was considerably abated by receiving the following billet from her friend Miss Delrow, whom she expected would have been permitted to have accepted of their
 invita-

invitation, in company with Miss Vallancy :

“ Would you believe it possible that the
 “ seeming gentle, affable, all-complying
 “ abbess, refuses your friend the permission
 “ of visiting you ? I had signified my in-
 “ tentions of accompanying you to Eng-
 “ land — of foregoing my resolution of
 “ taking the veil — She is now confessed
 “ the woman which my lively friend Miss
 “ Vallancy has painted her to be — tyran-
 “ nical, inflexible, and less charitable than
 “ self-interested. The father Malony has
 “ been dispatched to me, and I am to be
 “ catechised into my former tenets again.
 “ I have also received a visit from the fa-
 “ ther Brantome, and am pestered with
 “ denunciations for refractory notions
 “ to the vow which I was preparing to
 “ make. Between these holy fathers some
 “ conversation must be reasonably ex-
 “ pected on my side. They already find I
 “ am proof to their oratory, and compe-
 “ tent to reply to their argument. In this
 “ case I expect soon to be threatened with
 “ the

“ the power of the convent, to detain me
 “ here throughout my noviciate.

“ Miss Vallancy, who has from her situ-
 “ ation as boarder, more liberty than my-
 “ self, will put this into your hands. She
 “ is determined on a frolic, and to com-
 “ mit herself to your friendship.”

The billet was sent in to Lady Raymond by a servant as she was seating herself at dinner, who, having read it, instantly gave orders for the person who brought it to be introduced. When the door opened, to her great surprise, she beheld a youthful countenance, in very singular habiliments, dressed in a rusty suit of black cloth, a tie wig, a *chapeau-bras*, with a white plume and a sword. A smile from the countenance very soon betrayed the sprightly Miss Vallancy, who was now seated by the side of Lady Raymond, and introduced to the company as a young student in law, with whom she had some business to transact, and therefore requested permission of the Duke that he might take his seat at the table.

The strangeness of the dress on so young a subject did not escape the attention of the party present, and could not fail to raise their curiosity, as well as risibility; and a lock of hair having escaped from its du-rance under the tie wig, a titter of Lady Raymond ensued, which awakened their suspicions; from which they were soon delivered by the following event:

The wig of Miss Vallancy was somewhat too large for her head, and a servant happening to be placing a dish on the table, she leant on one side to give room: the obliquity of the motion caused her wig to fall into the lap of Mr. Fitzroy, the gentleman who sat next her, and her tresses falling down over her face, very soon betrayed the fair incognita to the mirth of the company, who were now obliged to consider the young lawyer in the light of a lovely female.

Mr. Fitzroy conceiving a fanciful secret in the disguise of Miss Vallancy, took great pains

pains to find out her name, and the cause of her whimsical appearance.

He was a man of gallantry, yet tempered with decorum, and the highest polish of good breeding—his fortune and pretences had led him into the first societies in the kingdom, and he had spared no expence to flatter his pleasure. Tired of a round of endless varying sensuality, he had, at the age of forty, bestowed considerable industry to adorn his mind, and a considerable portion of his time to regain the principles of literary polish; and which his school avocations had, at an early period of life, qualified him to attain to some degree of perfection. He was now studious to recover his education, to render him equal to any competitorship that might arise in the British Senate, where he had lately taken his seat to represent a borough, in the neighbourhood of which he had made considerable purchases, with a resolution to retire from Ireland, to drop his acquaintance, and forget those scenes where his dissipation had been most signalised.

To find a partner to partake in his rational pursuits, was also a circumstance which occupied his thoughts in an eminent degree—but the kind of partner—a wife—a mistress—This he had variously passed in review; and with these sentiments he had also been cogitating on the necessary qualifications for one and the other—Cogitations of this nature are the accustomary evils of a bachelor's life—the strong stimulators to a single state—Cogitators on, and preponderators of, the qualities and perfections of women, are usually lost in the profundity of their counsels and self-admonitions. Hence we behold so many pretty fellows, cowards in this, who are brave in other respects, and therefore afraid to venture on the state of hymen.

Fitzroy had well pre-conceived every demur of this nature for and against the counsel of his heart—and he had experience to know that a man must play at a venture for his happiness.

To wed, or not to wed—the wife had her claims, her will, her dignity. Obedi-
ence

ence would be only commensurated with the quality of his tenderness, politeness, *attention*, and constancy. The mistress had only the art of pleasing to govern her conduct. Her lord, in this case, arbitrary, and the tributary inclination would destroy all the natural fine feelings of the soul; the only genuine attraction in the association of the sexes. This he had a heart to relish, and a mind to conceive the supreme delight of. He thus at once decided in favour of a wife—but then the kind of wife ——

Beauty — youth — fortune — innocence.

The two first, and the latter quality, he was determined on.

But his age.

Fortune dispensed with, he might possibly win them over by this kind of balance so much in his own favour.

Youth and beauty would captivate his inclination — innocence might be moulded

to his peculiarities—and thus he planned out a possibility of matrimonial happiness at his time of life.

With these sentiments did he confront the young lady who sat next him.

The circumstance of the wig opened a vein for good humour and sprightly conversation.

Having insisted on the honour of placing the wig on her head again, he politely asked her what cause she had to plead, whether in right of herself, or a friend her client—looking at this time on Lady Raymond, who had not yet divulged her name.

Miss Vallancy, with an open countenance, and in an artless, innocent, and lively manner, said she had undertaken that of liberty, and now came to open the cause before her friend Lady Raymond.

“Plead then,” he said—and he entreated her to open it.

Lady

Lady Raymond jostled her, and encouraged her to return some reply, which she did, with much lively frankness, in terms somewhat similar :

“ Should a girl at the age of eighteen
 “ cover a face with a veil thus, [*throwing*
 “ *the napkin over it*] and hide it for ever
 “ in hypocrisy and cloistered dulness? Is
 “ not the crime great, if she does it by
 “ inclination? And is she not to be pitied,
 “ if obliged to it by compulsion?

“ For this liberty do I then plead—for
 “ the liberty of a woman doomed to this
 “ horrid state.

“ My cause, perhaps, is more brief than
 “ those in Westminster Hall—but no less
 “ interesting, I flatter myself, for its brevity. If therefore the hearts of the
 “ Court are in any respect affected by
 “ it, I boldly, yet earnestly, and very
 “ feelingly, request your interest for my
 “ poor defenceless client.”

The gallantry of Fitzroy was now raised —there wanted no spirit of direction on this harangue—and he was in no farther doubt as to the fact of her being the person in question, and whom Lady Raymond had made acquaintance with in the convent.

He desired a glass of wine might be handed to the young counsellor, and he coupled the glass with an assurance that he would stand forth the champion for the client, whose cause he had so decidedly gained, and deliver her from the dangers which threatened her in a state of monastic persecution.

“ Will you then, indeed ?” says she ;
 “ then you are generous ; and here is my
 “ hand to thank you for your services.”

This sprightly *naiveté* caused no small degree of pleasantry among the guests ; and from the manner in which she addressed Fitzroy, did not fail to carry with it the
 most

most convincing appearance of his partiality for Miss Vallancy.

He took her hand, and solemnly declared his friendship would be eternal.

The Duke of Clarendour now called to Mr. Wright. A ceremony! — a ceremony! Parson, your book.

“Not so, my Lord Duke,” replied Mr. Wright. “Male companions are forbid
“by law — and I presume you are not yet
“privileged to doubt the appearance of
“the sex.”

Now a general cry, “stay till the dishes
“are removed.”

When the dinner was ended, and the Burgundy and Champaign had increased good humour and conviviality, Fitzroy insisted on Miss Vallancy standing to her word. “Your hand,” says he, “is to be
“the purchase then of the fulfilling my

“ promise, to deliver your client from the
 “ dangers which threaten her.”

Miss Vallancy, still smiling and assenting, when Mr. Wright, looking with much earnestness on the parties, briskly interrupted her, by observing, “ that in matters
 “ of this apparent jocoseness something serious might transpire, and the parties
 “ might have cause for surprise when their
 “ pleasantry had subsided.”

Fitzroy as briskly replied, and with an apparent displeasure — “ Sir, my word is
 “ sacred, either in jest or in earnest; and I
 “ think I am the best judge of my own
 “ situation.”

Miss Vallancy was well recognized by Mr. Wright, and she doubtless knew it — but the sequel will shew there was another species of business pending, which gave rise to the alarms of this clergyman.

Fitzroy now challenged her to give him the name of her client — but no answer.

Discre-

Discretion had hitherto prevented Lady Raymond to mention her name, lest, as having taken a resolution to escape from the convent, a discovery of her flight might transpire ; and till she had concerted measures to favour the same, an interposition might prevail to frustrate her plan to succour Miss Vallancy.

The suspense of Fitzroy still raised his curiosity. Miss Vallancy increased in favour — A *blondin* in complexion, with the bloom of the rose on her cheeks, announced her as the beauty which Fitzroy had painted to his imagination ; and, in a whisper to Lord Raymond, he declared her to be the finest girl he had ever beheld.

The ladies had retired. Lord Raymond was ignorant of her name, as well as the Duke. Mr. Wright was silent, — nor was he addressed on the subject by Fitzroy, where impatience was too visible, and whose prepossession in favour of Miss Vallancy had not escaped the discerning eye of Lady Raymond.

When the ladies returned to the gentlemen, Lady Raymond had divested Miss Vallancy of the rusty suit of black, and the “gallant curtela by her side,” which she had borrowed of the sister Blaise, and which had made their appearance from the tester of the bed.

Thus she entered with this attire, and Lady Raymond determined to follow up the favourable impressions which Miss Vallancy appeared to have made on the heart of Mr. Fitzroy, she introduced her as the client, whose cause the young counsellor had defended; and added, “that she had now the pleasure to present her friend Miss Vallancy to the company.”

Fitzroy drew back at the name — “Miss Vallancy!” — The colour forsook his countenance — his emotions were visible — his vivacity and gallantry were at once changed into a pause of wonder and earnestness — He approached her with an awful reverence — “Miss Vallancy!” he again exclaimed, and stared with agitation and surprise

prize in her face — “ I must be — it is my
 “ child — God, what an event ! — She
 “ knows me not — it is the first time we
 “ ever beheld each other — Immortal
 “ dispensers of good and evil, how do I
 “ respect your powerful interference !
 “ There must be a presiding divinity in
 “ our lives to operate events so unforeseen,
 “ so incredible.

“ I feel the father beating at my heart —
 “ never — no, never since this child has
 “ been exposed to the broad vicissitude of
 “ life, has my mind ever experienced a
 “ single moment of repose from wakeful
 “ anxiety. What joy ! what rapture !
 “ have I experienced to equal the present
 “ moment ?”

He approached Miss Vallancy, who was all emotion, and lost in a world of conjecture at the buz of the gentlemen, and the extraordinary change in Mr. Fitzroy.

Lady Raymond anticipated the circumstance. The story of Miss Vallancy had

naturally led her to the suspicion she had formed — and she no longer had a doubt of Fitzroy being her father.

He desired Miss Vallancy to retire with him to an opposite part of the room.

“ My father !” she exclaimed — and she cast her arms round his neck — Fitzroy was no less prepared to shew his tender feelings.

Mr. Fitzroy, at an early period of his life, had conceived an attachment to a young person in his father’s family, which soon reaching the observance of his parents, he contrived to secrete the object of his regard. The intercourse was followed by the birth of a daughter, who had taken the name of Vallancy from her mother ; and whom he had brought up by one of his tenants to the period of her being sent to the convent, where he proposed she should be educated remote from his connections, and at the proper period of her life, it was his

his intention to have her introduced to the world with certain advantages.

He had from time to time letters from the abbess—but every letter seemed to convey assertions of her desire to take the veil.

This Mr. Fitzroy was averse to, and he was now arrived to enquire into her motives—to recal her himself, and to take his daughter over to England.

The motives of the abbess were here naturally seen through. She knew Mr. Fitzroy to be a man of fortune, and was desirous to take every measure to trepan Miss Vallancy into her order, by asserting, that the will of her friends was, that she should take the veil—and her letters to a Mr. Wilmot, the tenant's wife, through whose hands some of her affairs had been conducted, had been intercepted by the artful abbess, and oftentimes forged ones placed in their stead, which she suspected had been performed by the father Malony.

When this interview between Fitzroy and his daughter Miss Vallancy had taken a certain degree of calm, Mr. Wright now approached them, and desired Mr. Fitzroy to remember, whether his prophecy had not been fulfilled ; at the time he observed, “ when their pleasantry had subsided, they might both have cause for “ surprise.”

The countenance of Wright now changed to some degree of vivacity, and Mr. Fitzroy was not displeased with his remarks.

Wright had by a peculiar behaviour, tinctured with good breeding and good sense, prepossessed the English party very strongly in his favour ; and as it seemed singular that an English clergyman should have taken up his abode at Calais, they were at a loss whether they should consider him as a criminal subject respecting his own country, or an unfortunate wanderer in cases of exigency.

Wright,

Wright, who wanted little intuition not to conceive their curiosity on his subject, found an opportunity to gratify their wishes on his history, which he was thus induced to by a preparity of questions from one or other of the company.

NARRA-

NARRATIVE XXVI.

MR. Wright said he had been a travelling tutor to Lord *****, had served him in the double capacity of friend and preceptor; and to his care, diligence, and assiduity, his Lordship had been indebted for many accomplishments, as well as escapes from several hazardous situations.

On his return from the tour Lord ***** had taken courses opposite to his counsel, and his conduct had been marked with those blemishes as rendered it impossible for him any longer to continue an associate; he had therefore retired on a small curacy, which, in addition to his income from his college, might altogether amount to one hundred pounds yearly; with promises

mises of the first living in his Lordship's gift.

Two or three years having elapsed, during his residence on his cure, to his surprise and indignation he found that Lord ***** had run through, by great dissipation, a large revenue, and that his livings had been sold, many in reversion, one or more on actual vacation.

His spirits flagged under the pressure of his disappointment, and his studies were neglected, because his mind had lost its usual tone of repose. The tribe of hypochondriac disorders attacked him — exercise had been recommended as the only salutary relief.

Diversions in the field he found had proved beneficial to his mind, and of service to his health — but an impediment arose, and he was obliged to give up the amusement of his dog and gun. The squire of the parish having traversed him on his beat, the curate fired at game which

which the former had marked down. This served as an excuse to interdict him the diversion.

Hostilities were now commenced between the curate and the squire, and an insult, which the gown could not brook, and which the law could not reach, compelled Mr. Wright to lay his cane on the squire's shoulders, who thought proper to wave every other kind of retaliation than that of making his complaints to the Bishop.

Mr. Wright was thus obliged to resign his curacy, and had retired to Calais to wait the compromise of the affair with the squire, who was not satisfied with the spiritual punishment, but was determined to bring an action of assault against him.

He now related his accidental acquaintance with Miss Vallancy.

On a visit to his relation, he one day took a turn in the garden of the convent, where he was accosted by this young lady.

“ Sir,” says she, “ you are an English-
 “ man, and I presume not wanting huma-
 “ nity and spirit to assist a young girl in
 “ great distress of mind. I am threatened
 “ with eternal banishment from the world
 “ in these hideous walls. I have no
 “ friend to give me counsel—to commise-
 “ rate my unhappy case. Will you, Sir,
 “ listen to my story?”

“ I beheld,” continued Mr. Wright,
 “ youth and innocence—that youth and
 “ innocence I found devoted to bigotry,
 “ tyranny, and persecution—I became the
 “ friend of Miss Vallancy—I discoursed
 “ with her on her history—I found her
 “ peculiarly unfortunate—my heart was
 “ touched with her situation, and from
 “ that moment I became interested in her
 “ cause.

“ When chance did not admit of an op-
 “ portunity of discoursing, I continued to
 “ correspond with her, and I have had the
 “ satisfaction to find she has improved by
 “ my instructions, in knowledge and lite-

“ rare

"rare attainments. How greatly rejoiced
 "must I then be to find she has now an
 "opportunity of exchanging my friend-
 "ship for the friendship of a real parent—
 "the friendship of Mr. Fitzroy—a man of
 "fortune, and superior consequence."

Turning to Miss Vallancy, he now
 added, "he was obliged to take his leave;"
 and bestowing on her every wish which the
 voice of tender regard could suggest, he
 rose, and, with a look which bespoke no
 small degree of solicitation, retired from
 the company.

Mr. Wright had not made many paces
 in the street before he was accosted by fa-
 ther Malony, who seemed pressed on busi-
 ness of some concern. The Dominican
 briefly related the errand he was on the
 point to execute. To search for the fugi-
 tive Miss Vallancy, and fixing his eye on
 Mr. Wright, asked him in somewhat a pe-
 remptory tone, "if he knew where she
 "was?"

"Yes,"

“ Yes,” replied Mr. Wright, “ and far
“ beyond the influence of your power.”

“ What,” cried the father, “ are you
“ accessory to her flight? Faite, by the
“ living Saint Dennis, you shall answer it
“ —so you shall, now. — Ay, ay; I be-
“ laved there was not much sanctity, my
“ dare, in your brotherly attendance about
“ the convent.”

“ Prithet,” answered Mr. Wright, “ do
“ not let your brogue run upon brotherly
“ attendance, good father Malony, I shall
“ otherwise call you and your *compere*,
“ Brantome, to some confession on this
“ point. But lest your blunders should
“ impede the commission you are desirous
“ of executing, if you will go to Mr. Des-
“ sein’s and enquire for Miss Vallancy,
“ under the care of Lady Raymond, there
“ you will find her.”

“ And so I will, my dare Mr. Wright—
“ Pratty story this here — Well, well—
“ Lady Raymond — Ay; Miss Delrow,

“ as

“ as she is now called—Faite, the convent
 “ will be soon thinned, indade, by good
 “ advisers—What, you did not take her
 “ off?—Well, well; I umbly beg your
 “ pardon, dare Mr. Wright—I will fetch
 “ her, then, from Lady Raymond—Oh,
 “ what a shin to lave the convent, Sir,
 “ without asking lave of the abbess.” And
 thus he posted with much rapidity, and
 spluttering his brogue through the streets
 to Dessen’s, where he enquired for Lady
 Raymond.

Being shewed into the apartment, the
 father bowed to the company, and seeing
 Miss Vallancy, he observed, that he was
 commissioned by the abbess to conduct her
 back to the convent.

Mr. Fitzroy now stepped forward, and
 told him, he was the father of the young
 lady, and should answer to the abbess for
 detaining her in right of parent, and that
 they both were preparing to set off for the
 convent to see the abbess themselves; and,
 in this case, the father might be the inter-
 pretor

pretor himself to the abbess of their intentions.

“ Swate Jasus,” cried Malony; “ do I
“ now sai before my eyes my friend Mr.
“ Fitzroy of Colcannon Park? — Faite,
“ and it is he himself !”

“ The face of Malony !” cried Mr.
Fitzroy, “ disguised under a beard, tunic,
“ and cowl — strange kind of metamor-
“ phosis, I confess.”

“ Ay, ay; all for the cause of conwar-
“ tion, you know; but fartin, in good
“ faite, you are not the faither of Miss
“ Vallancy — you but jest.”

“ Stop, Malony; more of this presently:
“ be assured the lady can give a good ac-
“ count of herself, when we pay a visit
“ to the abbess in person — we are pre-
“ pared to wait upon her; so, if you have
“ no objection, we will all of us set off to-
“ gether.”

The

The meeting between Mr. Fitzroy and Malony was truly whimsical, and not uninteresting in several points of view. This Dominican, as before observed, was of Irish birth, and had, in common with many of his countrymen, who emigrate to foreign parts to raise their inferior condition, made France his destination.

Three brothers of this name were the sons of a Roman Catholic tenant of Mr. Fitzroy's father, an industrious linen weaver, who found the means to give them an ordinary school education, which had elevated their notions beyond that of menial labour.

Annually the Church of Rome sends its pastors to make converts in the island. Colleguing with these priests, the three brothers were at an early age determined on a pilgrimage into the Catholic countries to try their fortunes. The elder, with straight locks, a clear and ruddy face, and a stout ash plant in his hand, traversed the realms of Germany, and sought shelter
in

in a convent of friars at Prague. Athletic, of an enterprizing spirit, the fathers recommended him as cadet to an Austrian regiment, where, in a little time, through favour of a German Countess, he gained an ensign's commission, from which he rapidly rose to rank, and is at this time, through female intrigue and attentive military talents, a General in the service.

The other brother halted at Paris, and was found extremely useful by a meager apothecary in raising a heavy pestle to bruise his drugs : a little time made him acquainted with the names of compounds, and by bustle, blunder, and perseverance, he now rides in his chariot a diplomated physician in good practice.

The younger, which was our father Dominican, had been first introduced into life as a serjeant in the Irish Brigade ; but having had a dispute with a brother serjeant on the points of French orthography, he beat down the slender guard of the effeminate Frenchman, and with a straight lunge

in cart ran him through the body. The Frenchman was a good swordsman, and his regiment deplored his loss to the point of determination to punish Malony; whom they suspected of having killed his antagonist in foul play.

About twenty other small swords were dispatched to challenge his single point — all of them professed pinckers in fencing schools, flanckanadoes, and dead hits, at the first passes. But this encounter he prudently enough avoided by flying to the Dominican order for advice, wherein he had several countrymen; who, having invited him into the fraternity, he has since remained in it with some credit, in the capacity of itinerant missionary, to make converts in Ireland, and where he has succeeded admirably with the lower orders of the people.

But his notions having taken a higher turn of convenience, he had made his appearance in one of his missions in that country with some fashion and expence. The father by practice had acquired skill in his intrigues,

intrigues, and joined with a person rather imposing, and naturally well favoured, he was now commissioned to begin his attacks among the females of fortune, to win them to the convents abroad, and in which Malony had so well succeeded as to meet with no small share of interest among several orders of the sisterhood.

At a polite assembly in Dublin, where Malony had introduced himself, he was recognized by Mr. Fitzroy, habited in an elegant full-dressed suit, with all the fashionable ease and assurance of a man of rank and figure. The interview, therefore, at Calais was strangely contrasted.

NARRATIVE XXVII.

THE parties were now assembled at the convent — The Duke, from motives of curiosity — the Raymonds through the interest they had in the situation of Miss Delrow, whose situation now became interesting.

Colonel Obrian excepted, who was now preparing to set off for England, commissioned by the Duke and Lord Raymond to regulate their affairs previous to their arrival, and to reinstate Lord George into the favourable prepossession of his friend; and who had now turned his thoughts to Parliament — the Duke, his father, having encouraged and promised to support his pretension.

When

When they arrived in the audit chamber, Lady Raymond ardently expected her dear friend Miss Delrow to make her appearance at the grate ; but what her indignation and surprise when she saw the abbess without her ! She asked immediately for Miss Delrow, and was answered in formal austere language, that the lady, finding the state of her mind greatly impeded in her serious duties of religious retirement, she had resolved on a rigid denial of meeting her friends in future, and that she was therefore desired by Miss Delrow to assure Lady Raymond of her tender affections, but to make her final apology for not seeing her again

This language was so opposite to the sentiments on the note which she had received from Miss Delrow, that she did not hesitate to consider it as deception, and as a prelude to some scheme which the abbess had invented to detain her friend against her inclinations ; and she already began to anticipate the arts and horrid measures adopted by the sisterhood to enforce obe-

dience in those wretched women who have been unhappily induced to confide in the semblance of that calm retirement which they speciously display to the eyes of an half-seeing world.

The abbess was now informed by Malony of the singular meeting between Mr. Fitzroy and his daughter, and who had the testimony of the truth of their consanguinity explained to him by this gentleman on their road to the convent.

A farther proof was now advanced by Fitzroy, and the abbess sufficiently convinced.

Miss Vallancy made her excuse for the frolic she had determined on, and frankly confessed her resolutions of setting off for England with Lady Raymond, who had promised to take her under her protection; therefore desiring she might be permitted to take leave of the sisterhood, she entered the sanctuary, and repaired to the cell of the nun.

nun Blaise, to whom she apologized for making free with the counsellor's dress, which she had secretly conveyed out of her room.

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NARRATIVE XXXVIII.

THE expected letter of Lord Edward arrived. The Duke read his sentiments to the following effect :

“ I am in no sense surpris’d that the
 “ world may accuse the steps I have taken
 “ as reprehensible in the eye of prudence,
 “ and, perhaps, as justly meriting the cen-
 “ sure of a parent ; but as every man must
 “ be the best judge of his own happiness,
 “ and particularly in a state so very essen-
 “ tial to it as that of matrimony, I have
 “ therefore pass’d an irrevocable sentence
 “ on my resolution.

“ Lady Fanny inherited by nature too
 “ much of the haughty spirit of her
 “ mother,

“ mother, and impatient of rebuke ; I
 “ found my conjugal happiness on the
 “ precipice of her loss of innocence.

“ Lady Clavering has now united
 “ her fortune with mine. Sympathy
 “ brought us together ; and if the happi-
 “ ness of the sexes can be founded on
 “ sentiments unfettered by the cold ties of
 “ interested principles, we have doubtless
 “ gained one considerable point towards a
 “ perfect union.

“ We shall institute mutual divorces ;
 “ and when the law has redressed our
 “ grievances, it is our intention to con-
 “ vince the world that the more binding
 “ ties of affection and sentiment have su-
 “ perseeded a temporary and fugitive gra-
 “ tification of gallantry.

“ I shall return to England when the
 “ bar is ripe to undertake our cause ; and
 “ though I may have exceeded the bounds
 “ which your parental discretion may have
 “ proposed in my career, I still trust hu-

"manity and justice may influence your heart in my favour."

The proceedings of the Dutcheſs, and the proofs which the unhappy Morpet had eſtabliſhed againſt her daughter, Lady Fanny, thereby endeavouring to repair thoſe injuries which he had ſo outrageouſly committed againſt the Raymonds, diſpoſed the Duke at once to view the connection which Lord Edward had made with tendereſs, and alſo forgiveneſs. The only difficulty which a complete reconciliation to the meaſures of his ſon had ſuggeſted was, the thoughts of an alliance with the family of a ſtockbroker. Pride of heart aroſe in this inſtance — but conſiderations followed to annihilate the Duke's prejudice.

Mr. Plumtree had immenſe wealth, and there was a poſſibility that an only daughter ſo well allied might poſſeſs the whole of his inheritance.

The Duke was now diſpoſed to prepare for England; but the Raymonds having
inter-eſted

interested him in the fate of Miss Delrow. his Grace resolved to use his influence to reclaim this young lady from the power of the Roman church; there were also several traits in the character of Mr. Wright which had engaged him to extend his patronage to this unfortunate divine.

He knew Lord *****; with whom he had made the tour of Europe, and had no reason to doubt the history which he had related. He had also noted an attachment between him and Miss Vallancy, which had also as naturally manifested itself to the perception of Fitzroy; and as there might be possibility of doing an essential service to a character so highly deserving notice as Mr. Wright, he was therefore determined to render his stay compatible with such a service.

Taking an airing in the environs of the town, he had an opportunity of a conversation with him on the subject of the very extraordinary meeting of Fitzroy and his daughter, and also to question him on a
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subject,

subject, in which he thought he discovered his happiness to be eminently centered.

That the Duke should thus become the philanthropist in the cause of a stranger, might seem extraordinary, when the milk of human nature had forsaken him on the apparent death bed of his son — but such is the human mind on different impressions — a formidable enemy had been machinating the ruin of that son, whose follies seemed to authenticate the evil reports against him — and the Duke had been too constantly assailed by such reports not to feel their influence.

The efficacy of women, in these causes of detraction, is more acute than that of men; the latter are less attentive to the minuteness of finesse, on which, perhaps, depend their chief success.

The Dutchess, by this wakeful perception over the temper of the Duke, had raised in him the most unnatural sentiments of a parent in the scene which transpired in

in Portman Square; but he was naturally beneficent; and left alone to the bent of this temper with the Raymonds, his heart now expanded with every sentiment of good will.

To Mr. Wright those sentiments were also extended — he thought he had it in his power to promote his happiness by his patronage and friendship.

But though sensible of the kindness of the Duke in this instance of worldly interest, there was still a more self-interested impulse labouring in his heart.

He said he had become the preceptor of Miss Vallancy, on occasional interviews, and had imparted his counsel to her from motives of the most disinterested nature; but he found, while he was performing the duty of a friend, the sentiments of a lover had intruded in his breast. From the moment he discovered those impressions, he had used every effort to shun the object of his passion — an object which, though his

character in life might have made him unequal to, aspire to, yet his dependant situation could not think of admitting, when subject poverty might be too fatally attend on it, and wherein there were other difficulties to encounter.

The Duke heard his relation with tenderness, and he was determined to use his influence with Fitzroy for the bestowal of his daughter upon him.

Mr. Wright did not exceed his eight-and-twentieth year, was of a genteel prepossessing figure, and had reason to believe Miss Vallancy had also a partiality in his favour, which sentiment he had always refused to cherish, from the consideration of his unhappy situation in life.

Miss Vallancy having experienced such an unexpected and favourable revolution in her affairs, found her mind detached from the leading object which it had been long engaged in, namely, the recovery of her liberty. Thus, having a respite to consider

the

the force of other sentiments which were fostered in her breast, she found, when Mr. Wright rose to take a final leave, that a tender impulse of passion rushed into her mind. He had gained her esteem, and her gratitude for his kindness was rising to affection.

The English party were again assembled at Deffern's, and Mr. Wright made one of the guests at the Duke's table. His Grace filled his glass, and drank to Mr. Wright as rector of *****, and chaplain to the Duke of Clarencour.

Lord Raymond and Mr. Fitzroy answered the toast of his Grace.

Mr. Wright, rising, filled his glass to the brim to return his grateful thanks to his noble patron.

The Duke now introduced Mr. Wright in another character to Fitzroy—as an admirer of his daughter Miss Vallancy—whom, he said, was indebted to him for his instructions;

structions; and he flattered himself [this with a smile at Wright] that the young lady had improved under his tuition greatly.

Fitzroy said he had no reason to disapprove of the sentiments of his daughter; and giving Mr. Wright an invitation to pass the summer months at his seat in Dorsetshire, which he had recently purchased, he said he could wish to make acquaintance with his daughter in a single state before he acknowledged her in a married one.

Thus far the chain of worldly incidents, so impervious to the most experienced eye and penetrating judgement, conspired, by the accidental events of life, to render two human beings happy.

NARRATIVE XXIX.

THE father Malony, by his acquaintance with Mr. Fitzroy, was now made a party in the English interests — for Lady Raymond having anxiously passed two days without hearing from Miss Delrow, was desirous to employ him in the scheme of getting her from the convent.

She therefore questioned him as to the situation of Miss Delrow.

Malony shook his head, and said, there was every thing to fear, and very little to hope, for her deliverance.

That though it was true the laws of France did not admit of any restraint on
the

the inclinations of persons who have committed themselves to the care of a superior in the convent, and give that superior ample power over their liberty, there were still innumerable arts and contrivances ready to be adopted to overcome the repugnance of a young woman, and which were usually ascribed to religious zeal; that Miss Delrow was in this predicament, there was no doubt; but were he to be seen in the cause of liberating her friend, he might himself be exposed to a situation the most alarming; for in matters which concerned the interest of the Roman church, the greatest precaution must be used, and especially in the present case. The abbess had already her suspicions afloat respecting his fidelity, that he had not been consulted these two days on the subject of Miss Delrow's inclinations to leave the convent; and the reason was, that he was known to have been an intimate of Mr. Fitzroy, and therefore possibly open to the insinuation of Lady Raymond, or any one of the English party.

Father Brantome, he said, was now the only person admitted to give her instructions, and that it was utterly out of his power to be seen in the business.

He farther observed, that as Miss Delrow could not take the veil before she was five and twenty, it was not probable they could succeed in their plans, unless the young lady was made a convert before that period.

Thus it required little penetration to observe that Malony was acquainted with a mystery in the business of conversion, which he did not chuse to divulge; and notwithstanding great encouragement of the glass, and much intreaty from the English, he refused to comply with their request, to be more open in the affair.

Fresh alarms, therefore, were now agitated in the bosom of Lady Raymond; and in proportion as her situation became more doubtful, so increased her anxiety to see

Miss

Miss Delrow liberated from the tyranny of the church of Rome.

Mr. Wright finding the skill and intreaty of the friends of Miss Delrow could not influence Malony, now leant on one side, and putting a word into the ear of the Dominican, hemmed his consent.

“ I undertake,” replied Mr. Wright, “ to answer for the industry of the holy father in the cause of Miss Delrow — and we will now set about her deliverance.”

“ Come, Malony, let us go on this business,”

“ Ave Maria !” cried Malony. “ Pray you be asy, Mister Wright — lave me to my own discretion — I must besache you to sit quæet — let me first prosade in the affair myself, itherwise we may repent of our rashness. I sware now you shall not star. I will be very expeditious, and do my endavour — but I
“ beg

"beg you will be saeret—fwate Jafus, be
"quaet and afy, I say."

He now rose, and thumming his beads with a grinning mutter in his teeth, left the company, with some hopes that he was competent to the deliverance of Miss Delrow.

The looks of the company discovered no little astonishment in finding the great efficacy of a word from Mr. Wright on the inclination of Malony, and whose intercourse in the convent had also raised their curiosity.

By the request of the Duke, Mr. Wright thus explained the apparent incoherence of his being admitted with so much freedom into the inner parts of the convent; and, during his recital, he was not scrupulous to ascertain reasons why Malony was so soon compelled to enter warmly into the cause of Miss Delrow.

To the English reader, unacquainted with the history of French convents, it will seem improbable, perhaps, that men are admitted into them — but the fact is, some are more strict than others; and with those that have a greater latitude allowed them, they are permitted to take boarders, by which their revenue is much increased.

When Mr. Wright travelled with Lord *****, curiosity had led them to visit the convent of *****. The abbess, according to her usual policy, did not fail to solicit the interest of Mr. Wright, on his return to England, to recommend her convent to his friends. In this he had so far succeeded, by his own connections, as to send three young ladies, distant relations, as boarders, to learn the French language. When he had returned to Calais he was permitted from time to time, though a Protestant clergyman, to visit them — and it was during these visits he had an opportunity of acquiring certain facts relative to the history of Malony, and his intercourse with

with the abbess, as proved greatly beneficial in the affair of Miss Dellow.

Mr. Wright in addition observed, that this Irish father of the cowl had been repeatedly attempting to alienate the principles of one of his relations from the Protestant persuasion — but this young lady having been made the companion and friend of the nun Blaise, and from whom she had received some hints relative to his equivocal piety, she was alarmed, and began to apprehend that his views were somewhat tinged with gallantry.

But what effectually served as the compulsive power communicated to Malony were, some facts which had reached the ear of Mr. Wright, in consequence of the fray of the nuns.

The suit of male apparel which had been discovered on the bed of Blaise occasioned a general censure of the sister, who, in her rage for recrimination, had broached many very explicit

ther Brantome ; and as the abbess had by her conduct incensed her to a high degree, she had no scruple to declare, that he was her gallant, as well as confessor ; and that the pious red-haired Theresa was equally criminal with Malony, who had the character in the convent of a general lover.

Miss Wilson, the name of the relation of Mr. Wright, who had promulgated the history of those intrigues, said, that Malony, in the course of his pious exhortation, never failed to develop the great utility of the Popish persuasion in matters of conscience ; for he had observed, that “ confession would clear all off in point of
“ trespass, and that the frailties of human
“ nature might find a pleasing exoneration
“ in the adoption of his doctrine.”

In short, it was from the knowledge of those transactions, joined with the threat of publishing them to the world, that Mr. Wright now made Malony his agent in the cause of Miss Delrow, and which soon operated very successfully in the business ;
for

for the father soon returned, assuring Mr. Wright, that he had accomplished what he wished, and that he might have speedy hopes of seeing Miss Delrow gratified in her wishes to escort her friend Lady Raymond to England.

Mrs. Wilson, the name of the relation of Mr. Wright, who had promulgated the doctrine of whole injuries, said, that Mr. Wright, in the course of his pious exhortation, who failed to develop the great utility of the Christian religion in matters of conscience, for he had observed, that "conscience would clear all off in point of principle," and that the truths of human nature might find a pleasing exhortation in the adoption of his doctrine.

NARRA-

It was from the knowledge of the Christian religion, joined with the truth of the doctrine, that Mr. Wright, now made Malony his agent in the case of Miss Delrow, and which soon operated very successfully in the purchase of her freedom.

NARRATIVE XXX.

THE English party were not a little rejoiced on the arrival of Miss Delrow, who had now taken leave of the convent, and had arranged her plan to accompany the Raymonds to England.

The ridiculous arts and policy of the Roman church could not have been better revealed than in the attempts of the abbess to overcome her inclinations to leave the convent. When she had communicated her intentions, every argument that her rhetoric could invent was adopted by the abbess.

“ Shall the pious vows you have made,
 “ and your zealous wishes to dedicate
 “ your

“ your life to the cause of religion, be
 “ broken by the accidental meeting of a
 “ friend, in whose history you may be-
 “ hold the misery which the world has in
 “ store for those who are devoted to its
 “ interest? What are the pleasures which
 “ are centered in life in competition with
 “ the calm enjoyments of our order? To
 “ what innumerable evils will you not be
 “ exposed? — Temptations that are sure
 “ to bring along with them the most cer-
 “ tain punishments. The weakness of our
 “ sex is too often overcome in moments
 “ which it least expects — where will then
 “ be your claim to happiness? — You fled
 “ from detraction — Would you not rather
 “ fly from the possibility of having your
 “ actions realised into crimes?”

To this kind of argument Miss Delrow
 replied, by observing, there could be no
 virtue without some kind of temptation.
 It was her opinion that salvation did not
 depend on perpetual seclusion from the
 world; and that as her greatest enemy was
 no longer existing, (alluding to the death

of Morpet) she begged that the abbess would not interpose in her resolutions, which she solemnly declared were unalterable.

The abbess replied, that she could not think of suffering her to depart without farther consultation, and adoption of proper measures; and that in duty to her trust as superior in the convent, as well as conscientious regard which she had for her future salvation, she must insist on her using proper authority to bring her to a sense of error.

An evil spirit, she declared, had taken possession of her senses; and as she had entrusted herself to her care, to be the guardian of her spiritual conduct, she was resolved to use her utmost efforts to bring her to the sense of her wandering of temper.

“ The world, Madam, seems to have engaged your attention by the persuasion of
 “ a friend, and, perhaps, the too great indulgence in diet, which for these several
 “ days we have been liberal enough to
 “ provide,

“ provide, to gratify Lady Raymond,
 “ may have caused this change of senti-
 “ ment—it is my duty then to enjoin
 “ you to a fast, and then to hear farther
 “ instructions from father Brantome. After
 “ all, if you still persist in your error, I
 “ must refer your case to an higher order of
 “ ecclesiastical control, and wait that de-
 “ termination before you can be permitted
 “ to leave the convent. For,” continued
 she, “ great injuries may be done to the
 “ religion of this kingdom, by suffering
 “ persons, under colour of vowing perpe-
 “ tual resignation of worldly affairs, to take
 “ up their abode among us, and then,
 “ after a short residence, to plunge into
 “ life again. No, Madam; you are not
 “ to come among us, to learn our myste-
 “ ries, to leave us, and to publish them to
 “ the detriment of our order, without
 “ having your case exhibited before the
 “ tribunal of a higher order in the church.

“ We do not suffer our secrets to be di-
 “ vulged by those who may possibly do us
 “ an irreparable injury ; and it is therefore

“ our business to prevent their transpiring
 “ to the world.”

The abbess here alluded to the disturbance which had passed in the convent, and which Miss Delrow and Lady Raymond had been privy to.

From these sentiments Miss Delrow concluded she was to be made the victim of a rash vow, and which, though not publicly ratified, the abbess declared to be of equal enormity with the completion of it in the open ceremony of taking the veil. The one proceeded from the resolutions of the heart, intimately connected with our conscience; the other a mere ceremony, to establish the vow by form of law, and to fulfil it more ostensibly in the eye of the public. The rupture, therefore, of that vow was amenable, in one sense, to the laws of the realm; and in the other, to the laws of God. To the latter degree, therefore, the abbess observed, that Miss Delrow stood culpable; and unless she recanted her error, the church of Rome had no sal-
 vation

vation to promise, and she must therefore be pronounced an heretic, and liable to the necessary punishments of the state.

These sentiments made the most terrible impressions on her mind. She had been hitherto accustomed to the most tender indulgence; and this language, united with a stern aspect, were the cause of the most heart-rending alarms.

But what her surprise—what her agony—when the abbess departed, snatching the key from the lock of the door, and pulling it too after her, and turning the lock upon her.

The bell of the convent tolled, and an extraordinary mass was now performed in the chapel—Fasting and prayers enjoined to the sisterhood to reclaim the demoiselle St. Brice from her delusion.

The solitary confinement of Miss Delrow now began to operate with all its horrors—her mind was distracted with various

fancies—she was not competent to satisfy those fancies as to the limit of Popish power.

Of food she had been deprived four-and-twenty hours when the father Brantome was announced to her apartment.

The fryar exceeded the ordinary stature of men—more genteel than robust—his face highly coloured with carnation, but ornamented with a most thick and crispy beard of fine chesnut hue : in defiance of which, his features could not pronounce him to be fifty years old—Reverence, indeed, his appearance altogether did not impose ; nor was the pure undefiled impulse of mortification to be noted in his eye—his tongue, fraught with silver tones and worldly polish of argument, uttered an irresistible eloquence—and in the moments either of corporeal suffering, when dejected fancy was labouring in the heart, pity, sympathy, comfort, and assuasive oratory, poured from it, and the stubborn sister of delusion became the meek, flexible, and obedient penitent.

When Brantome approached, the fryar disappeared in his salutation—it was the flexion of a courtier.

“ Lovely faint sister, it is grievous to approach you under these afflictions ; but
 “ be not alarmed ; I am not obdurate like
 “ your sex, armed with stern arguments,
 “ and a merciless eye to scan your delu-
 “ sions, without the greatest compassion.

“ Though we profess holy and austere
 “ lives, we have the mortal feeling of men,
 “ and to see such beauty and softness im-
 “ mured in these walls, will doubtless call
 “ forth all our sanctity to commiserate,
 “ without suffering our minds to be tem-
 “ pered with conceptions of human falli-
 “ bility—we may pity while we love.
 “ The sacrifice of so much youth and
 “ beauty will demand our tenderest cau-
 “ tion. Where the temptation to error is
 “ great, our charity must increase in pro-
 “ portion. Do not then, my amiable de-
 “ moiselle, conceive I am come to treat
 “ you with the harshness of a stern father,

“ to add more bitterness to your affliction ;
 “ but believe me to be sent your friend—
 “ your comforter.

“ I have heard the state of your mind
 “ from the abbess — Alas ! she is one of
 “ your sex, and her heart cannot be open
 “ to the same tender impulse as mine—
 “ She will persecute you — her resolutions,
 “ I fear, are not to be combated — her
 “ power is great, and it will be in vain,
 “ by open and generous motives, to pre-
 “ vail on her to change her resolutions.
 “ Let us consult together — she has confi-
 “ dence in me as competent to change the
 “ inclinations of many sisters from their
 “ delusion — and in which I have well suc-
 “ ceeded — but with you, where sense
 “ unites with beauty, the sentiments I
 “ I should, perhaps, endeavour to incul-
 “ cate, would lose their efficacy by a power
 “ like magic — I fear subversive of all re-
 “ ligion and virtue — But to proceed to the
 “ means of accomplishing your happiness
 “ — you wish to leave the convent — Alas !
 “ that you had kept your intentions secret !

“ or

“ or had first imparted them to me — we
 “ judge differently from your sex.”

This language, so utterly opposite to what Miss Delrow expected would have been uttered by the holy father of Christian mortification, made her apprehend that human fallibility was comingled with his habit — that the cowl and tunic concealed a voluptuary to carnal contamination.

“ Father,” she replied, “ I whisper my
 “ thanks — the long fast I have been forced
 “ to will not permit me to proceed in
 “ length of words.”

Brantome now exclaimed — “ Holy St.
 “ Andrew, (his patron saint) what a sin to
 “ inflict this punishment ! — For what
 “ trespass — why fair demoiselle ? — In what
 “ your impenitence ? — What crime ? —
 “ Had you committed any sin which me-
 “ rited this abatement — to mortify your
 “ flesh ? — Was it only for uttering your
 “ resolution to leave the convent ? — God
 “ forbid we should not find piety and cha-

“ rity within these walls — Here, sweet
 “ demoiselle, take some refreshment.”

He now took from the pouch of his tunic biscuits and a silver-cased bottle, which contained a liquor of a most beguiling nature. “ These refreshments I take with
 “ me,” he said, “ in my pilgrimage at
 “ night, through cold and rainy seasons—
 “ but, oh, deliver me from the stern ab-
 “ bes! — What will not be my punish-
 “ ment, were I detected in my charity for
 “ you!”

A grateful eye of thanks turned itself on the father, and Miss Delrow eat the biscuits and drank the cordial.

A glow of returning nature diffused itself through her faint and exhausted body.

He saw the carnation tints rising on her pale and languid cheeks.

[*He continued.*]

“ That I am interested in your fate, my
 “ feelings have already declared — but

“ how must we succeed with the abbess ?
 “ Let us divine the reasons to conquer her
 “ stubborn resolutions.

“ If I prevail on her to give up the
 “ power she has a right to exert, will that
 “ angel face of yours look grateful on my
 “ friendly assistance ? Will not you in re-
 “ turn have compassion on my sufferings ?
 “ Secluded from the rites, the endearing
 “ privileges of my sex, have I not con-
 “ flicts to combat of the most tyrannic
 “ sway over my purer thoughts — my re-
 “ ligious vows ! — Alas ! I am now devoted
 “ to your charms — it is your beauty this
 “ moment that overcomes every defence
 “ that resolution and virtue have to shield
 “ me with.

“ If I have pity in your situation, have
 “ you no charity in mine ?”

Alarmed — Miss Delrow looked astonish-
 ment at the father.

“ Most lovely of women, turn not away
 “ from my proposition — I grant my
 F 6 “ friend-

“friendship — satisfy me with your
“charms.”

Miss Delrow attempted to speak — conflicting sentiments arose in her bosom — she was lost in amazement — nor was the wily father unskilled in this effect which he knew would result from his artful negotiation.

An unusual glow now shot through her body. She felt her senses bewildered in the most opposite impressions. She dreaded the infamous efficacy which might result from the liquor she had taken — but she had heard of similar arts — human virtue was not proof to the crime.

The father Brantome approached — he pressed — he would have triumphed —

A loud knock at the door.

It was Malony —

“Mon pere ! Mon pere !”

Brantome

Brantome arose — “ *Le voila,*” he said —
 “ and what the devil is your business? —
 “ A word in your ear.”

Brantome went to the door.

Malony loudly declared himself to be the
 friend of Miss Delrow.

“ Father Brantome, our tricks are blown.
 “ Come away.”

NARRA-

NARRATIVE XXXI.

BRANTOME having retired with Malony, Miss Delrow found herself alone, and in a world of apprehensions—doomed, as she thought, a sacrifice to Roman Catholic artifice and tyranny—But long did she not remain in this state of terror and anxiety. The abbess entered her apartment.

“ Mademoiselle St. Brice, you are now
 “ under the severest sentence of our laws—
 “ but I will not avail myself of your
 “ crimes to adopt that rigour which is now
 “ in my power to inflict. It is impossible
 “ to believe otherwise than Satan has
 “ taken entire possession of your heart, and
 “ has made you the instrument of his ma-
 “ lice

“ lice against our convent. No, Made-
 “ moiselle; were your intreaties now to
 “ remain amongst us as fervent as your
 “ desires to depart, I would not permit
 “ you to dwell another day in these holy
 “ walls.

“ The father Brantome is convinced
 “ you are possessed with an evil spirit —
 “ what other fascination could have be-
 “ trayed him to his final destruction? —
 “ Alas! distraction has now seized his
 “ heart — but you shall repent of this con-
 “ duct — To tempt the holy father thus to
 “ assist you in your escape from hence! —
 “ What devilish malice! — Were you to
 “ stay here, the convent would topple on
 “ our heads.

“ Sacred must be the character of the
 “ holy father. He may repent of his error,
 “ otherwise what is not the punishment I
 “ can inflict upon you? — but with the
 “ exposure of your crimes, alas! he must
 “ be involved.”

The eye of Miss Delrow now glanced upward in stern reprehension of such a vast limit of hypocrisy. No word could ejaculate the surprise and indignation she conceived at the infamous abbess.

“Doubt not, demoiselle,” she replied, “that I have not sufficient proof of your crimes—Father Malony detected you—he listened at the door, and well noted the abominable artifice you made use of to prevail on the father Brantome to listen to your escape—but he awakened him from his delusion—yet though preserved from shame, he is not exempt from guilt—his conscience condemns him from that weakness which his defenceless heart was ready to commit. Your witness is father Malony—nay, do not deny your shame and infamy—Hence, Madam; the father is waiting to convey you to your earthly acquaintance—I shall leave to your generosity the necessary remuneration for my tenderness and care; and to the candour of your heart to prove my maternal regard
“in

“ in the rigour which I was desirous to in-
 “ flict on you, to recall you from your
 “ guilty wishes — but you are now devoted
 “ to destruction, too criminal to merit my
 “ future affection — let silence and repent-
 “ ance make some atonement for the evils
 “ you have inflicted on this sacred place —
 “ take with you my sincere wishes; and
 “ remember, if secrecy governs your
 “ tongue, in me you will find an equal
 “ share of discretion. — Adieu.”

Miss Delrow now sternly cast an eye of
 scorn on the abbess.

“ Madam, though almost exhausted by
 “ the barbarity of your conduct, I have
 “ still spirits and resolution left to declare
 “ my wonder at your unparalleled art and
 “ hypocrisy. Your malice I spurn at —
 “ your power I defy — depart I will — and
 “ that my tongue shall do myself justice,
 “ doubt not, most abominable of your
 “ sex — yet take with me this sentiment on
 “ your unbounded wickedness — Crimes
 “ must be concealed by greater crimes, till
 “ a final

“ a final period arrives to heap confusion
 “ and due punishment upon them — Oh,
 “ may that time arrive when you, Madam,
 “ even here, may be produced an example
 “ to deter the innocent and unexperienced
 “ female from entering these gates of ruin,
 “ shame, and horror ! I blush, Madam, to
 “ dwell on the complication of that infamy
 “ which you have dashed on me, but
 “ which was surely reflected from yourself.
 “ Then, Madam, take back these insults—
 “ they only exist in the baseness of your
 “ own heart. Thus to revile, indeed,
 “ becomes me not—but that you may
 “ not believe me to be the passive spirit
 “ you apprehend, I leave you with the
 “ same opprobrium which you have falsely
 “ levelled at me — Stand back, most ini-
 “ quitous of your sex—I defy your
 “ power.”

Overawed by the resolute heroic spirit
 which Miss Delrow assumed, the abbess
 did not proceed to over-rule her motions,
 but, in an hesitating voice, rallied sufficient
 confidence and courage to reply, that the
 world

world could not be persuaded into the belief of the truth of her reviling, and that the father Malony was a witness too powerful against the feeble retaliation she might be induced to make.

As Miss Delrow was descending the threshold of her apartment to pass onwards to the great vestibule, she was accosted by the sister Blaise.

"Fear not, demoiselle St. Brice; I have overheard the scandalous tricks of the father Brantome — The abbess knows I am in the secret — Malony caught me listening at the door — I am witness to your innocence — but this is not the first time this devilish prank has been played here — O fy, fy. Madam, our superior" —

The abbess now made her appearance, and approaching to Blaise with a mild tone of voice, drew her into the apartment, and where, probably, she exerted her skill to
molify

molify her resentment, which had not been allayed since the general commotion of the sisterhood.

Miss Delrow having directed herself to Malony, she desired the father to wait till such times she had equipped herself for a final desertion of the unhappy sisterhood, over which she shed many a tear of sincere commiseration.

It appeared from this narrative, that Malony, having determined on her delivery, had applied to the abbess in direct terms for the purpose, and had probably informed her of the strong party of the English, with the *intelligent* Wright at their head, who, fraught with the strongest battery of information, was ready to blab their intrigues.

The abbess, possibly alarmed, had dispatched Malony to Brantome, who, finding the sister Blaife at the door, was obliged to give a different turn to the adventure by a crimination

crimination of Miss Delrow, and which the cunning Dominican still insisted on was the case — conjuring her at the same time to keep the secret, and her character would therefore be equally sacred in their repository.

We have found by the history which Miss Vallancy has given of the sisterhood, that the tyranny of a parent, the artifice of relations, may induce young persons to enter a convent. Where the judgement has not been over-ruled by the milder influence of rhetoric, arts more prevailing and efficacious have been applied, and which have seldom failed in their adoption.

The terror of religious threats, in the moments when the constitution languishes under abstinence, has conquered the stubborn-hearted. Where this may have failed, more criminal devices have been exerted, as in the case of Miss Delrow — but though we have here received the most pointed facts relative to the vicious conduct of the father

father Brantôme, our charity will lead us to hope that many friars, by their austerity of life and purity of manners, may make some atonement for those of their brethren who are so shamefully apostatized.

LADY Raymond now returned to England; had the pre-eminent happiness of holding her husband reclaimed from every extravagant, intemperate pursuit—her enemies defeated—some humbled—others made captives by their own devices, which they had prepared to entrap their opponent.

and.

NARRATIVE. That triumphant issue over the agonizing pang of human misery, becoming more resplendent in her imagination by a recollection on the part of her people, resigned under the pressure of grief, conjugal wings, and the devotion of her heart, in the moment when she was displayed over London, which

to be the cause of their misery, by their suffering of
 the and purity of manners, may make some
 atonement for those of their brethren who

NARRATIVE XXXII.

LADY Raymond now returned to Eng-
 land, had the pre-eminent happiness of be-
 holding her husband reclaimed from every
 extravagant, intemperate pursuit — her
 enemies defeated — some humbled — others
 made captives by their own devices, which
 they had prepared to entrap their acquaint-
 ance.

Patience, that triumphant friend over the
 agonizing pangs of human misfortunes,
 became more resplendant in her imagina-
 tion by a retrospect on the past scenes of
 her life. Resigned under the pressure of
 grief, conjugal wrongs, public detraction —
 resigned even in the moments when re-
 turning sense displayed every horror which
 black

black calamity could raise up, she had now an ample recompence for the exertion of her virtues.

Lord Raymond, from a short respite of folly, had leisure to contemplate the more amiable and glorious features of life. He found by fatal experience that his vices had met a punishment signal, yet justly merited. He had constancy to govern his follies, by the powerful stimulus of a sound judgement, improved by experience, and now turned to the cultivation of useful talents and virtue.

They arrived just in time to receive a cordial reception from Lord Bromfield, the uncle of Lady Raymond. He was on his death—the gout had fixed itself in his stomach.

The tenderness and affection of Lady Bromfield were too much centered on the object of her care to manifest much effusion of delight in finding Lady Raymond thus restored to her friends, health, and domestic

domestic happiness, whose condolence in her own misfortunes was now required.

This noble couple, when the recess of parliamentary business permitted, retired to their country mansion; there they had discovered the art of uniting the polish of life with every virtue which could adorn their birth and fortune.

Mild and joyous in the presence of his wife, and even in the moments of excruciating pain from bodily infirmities, the mind of Lord Bromfield triumphed, and his chamber of sickness became the retreat of good humour and philosophy.

Stored with the pleasing images of life, culled from the most select circles, heightened, enriched, with the literature of past ages, he amused his attendants, and charmed his corporeal sufferings to repose by the energy of his understanding.

Beneficent and generous to his neighbours, he was beloved and respected.

He could smile on the follies of the age, yet pardon the misfortunes of his nearest friends who were fascinated by them. Hence, though fully instructed in the gaiety and giddy imprudence of Lord Raymond, he was still his friend ; and, lamenting his deceitful plan of life, he was, though out of his power to remedy the evil effectually, determined to be his secret supporter in the moments of his greatest distress. He had no child — Lady Raymond was the inheritor of his wealth. Time, he said, would possibly reclaim — Lord Raymond might return to prudence, to a consistent conduct — The chance was equal, if he had made any other person his inheritor ; and he thought experience was better entitled to great possessions than the upstart, not in the habit of their use.

Immediately on the rumour of the misfortunes of Lord George, he had dispatched his confidential steward to enquire into the state of his affairs, who, arriving at the time of his distress to raise money, had heard from Mrs. Obrian of his intentions to
repair

repair to a money-broker. Commissioned by Lord Bromfield to assist him bountifully, yet secretly — it was the steward who conveyed to him the notes to the amount of a thousand pounds.

Lord Bromfield, now rejoiced to find Lord Raymond returned and reclaimed from his follies, liberally made his will in his favour. He had well noted the prejudices of the Duke, his father, to be incited against him by the arts of the Dutchess of Montfort, and he was therefore more fully disposed to espouse his cause.

The Duke of Clarencour finding his son Lord George thus liberated from his recent distress, now united every effort on his side to add to his reinstatement of fortune.

Lord Raymond, who, from his turn for pleasure and dissipation, had neglected the duty which he owed to his Sovereign, now repaired to Court with his Lady. He had the satisfaction to find he was received with respect by a great personage — premised of

his misfortunes, and return to a regular and consistent course of life, he was cherished and distinguished from the circle.

His Lady also found the lash of slander had vanished with the same rapidity it had been engendered — its powers had been short — its abettors had been punished — she arose more pure and resplendant from the black cloud which had for a while obscured her lustre.

Fully competent to the sense and the value of the true pleasures of an exalted station, they fled not the public amusements of the capital, nor vitiated their appetites by satiety in the enjoyment of them.

Their house was brilliant — society there united with amusement and delight; but vice was banished, and the tongue of defamation was not heard.

NARRATIVE XXXIII.

THE Dutcheſs of Montfort found, on her arrival in England, that the ſituation of Lady Fanny Raymond was the moſt dejected. Having heard of the wretched cataſtrophe of Morpet, ſhe had delivered herſelf up to deſpair. This impious libertine — peace, peace to his aſhes — had promiſed her his hand on a divorce — He was dead — her character had been ſuſpected by her acquaintance — but more terrible reflection — the impurity of it was confirmed in her own breaſt. Her melancholy increaſed — The Dutcheſs was inconſolable — ſhe ſaw her daughter ſinking in her eye, and with her all the vanity of worldly intereſt — She had ſenſe and penetration to view this conflict as a judgement

ment inflicted upon her for the wrongs she had devised against the Raymonds.

At Court she had been slighted — her unaccountable *trajet* to Calais, accompanied by the Duke of Clarencour, had raised reports distressing to the acuteness of her feelings. She had been too artful in her intrigue, and the miscarriage of them had led her into the labyrinth of folly.

With her spirits, so visibly declined her health — Thus both mother and daughter, the victims of folly, were shunned by their acquaintance, and sinking into the grave.

But though the Dutchess mourned the loss of her importance, she had virtue to condemn the sordid pity of her acquaintance — she had no recourse to stratagem to ingratiate, and she spurned at every attempt to recover the fame she had lost.

With an eye dignified with mental reproof, she condemned her past life, and did not fear to envisage that portion of the world

world which might be prepared to frown on her character.

Her punishment was seated in her heart, and she had no dread of any other contumely.

The Duke of Clarencour finding she was inflexible, and receded from every opportunity of seeing him, spared neither pains nor art to accomplish an interview. He heard of the decline of her health, and, perhaps, did not a little accuse himself as the cause in a great measure of it.

His breast was awakened to pity; and surveying her situation in the light of an unhappy woman, defeated in the schemes which she had laid to ensnare the unwary part of his family, and repenting of her artifice, he was determined to venture on the restitution of her character and importance. On a tender of his hand to her Grace, the former would be restored, and the latter affirmed. To this he had no doubt of her assent, and had already

framed his mind to the plans he meditated.

Intercession and opportunities prevailed — the Duke paid a visit to the Dutchess.

It was in vain he proposed a remedy for her sufferings — she rejected his offers — The plans she had framed for the completion of her worldly interests had been defeated, and her stubborn mind could find no gratification in the proposition of others. She had considered her schemes to betray the Duke into a matrimonial engagement in the light of demeaning her natural consequence, and she thus refused to accede to those claims of pity, which, by her birth, rank, and fortune, she commanded as her right.

The attachment of the Duke she had too keen a perception not to view in any other light than that of conscience, some convenience, but more interest. He was too much a man of gallantry to marry her for pure love; and as she now found
all

all her schemes frustrated in the unhappy lot of Lady Fanny, she could not brook either the nature of his pursuit, or the failure of those arts she had adopted to surprise him with : but what weighed more powerfully than all these considerations united, was the slight she had experienced when she had tendered her overtures to him.

That the world should accuse her of meanness to gratify those views, to ridicule her failure — indignant, she despised herself, and rose superior to public censure — but even in her marriage with the Duke, what other gratification than the recovery of her character ? This she had now full power to justify by the open confession of his matrimonial intentions, and therefore she became more stern in her refusal.

What other interpretation can be given to her conduct must puzzle the friends of her Grace — on what other motives could her refusal of the Duke be founded ? Whe-

ther already they have too much refined on her character, or whether other principles of repugnance had operated in her mind, may still be, in a certain degree, questionable. The fact is, she rejected the offers of marriage from the Duke ; and though this measure was publicly notified among her acquaintance, she did not seem to derive any comfort from the consideration — still she drooped, and her health declined daily — Every atonement in her power she was desirous of making for the injuries which she had caused the Raymonds to suffer — and she now exists a character forlorn, neglected, miserable, and sternly penitent, for the mistaken path of public life which she had trodden in her youth.

Thus it may be said, that the fall of the Dutchess of Montfort was caused from the adoption of a species of sordid artifice, which proved the bane of her effectual interests, and which, to a certainty, might have been operated by a plain and ingenuous conduct.

Many women, by a false conception of self interest, are taught, in the early part of their lives, to believe that art and deception will effect those purposes which sincerity and the love of candour might defeat; too notorious is the absurdity of this maxim — art will be ever detected in the end, and ensnared in its own trammel. Innocence will always prevail, and rejoice in its reward. Guilt is never gratified in its possessions.

Scattered Sentences collected from the Raymond Family — Part by Letter, Part by Conversation.

HOW imperfect is the judgement of youth! Hurried by impetuous actions, soon chafed by events untoward to its wishes, it rushes precipitately into error—Experience penetrating deeper into the transactions of life, ponders with collected reason, and acts with deliberate caution.

Miss Delrow fled to a convent to shun the circles of defamation — she returns to England, and finds the effects of that defamation transitory, limited in its influence — Impatient under the afflictions of life, she has not fortitude to encounter the trials of virtue with serenity.

Contrasting this character with that of Lady Raymond, the revolution of events operating with consistent energy, completes the happiness of the one, while adverse events, collected against the other, conspire to render her, though innocent, and endowed with every amiable virtue, the victim of her impatience.

Composure — a mild acquiescence, under human vicissitudes — will generally surmount the trials of life. Thus effected, the completion of human wishes are ultimately obtained, while restless imaginations, teeming with remedies, violent and desperate in their nature, are almost certain to involve the party in a greater flow of misery.

The intricacies of life, like the great mysteries of nature, are not to be pervaded — the secret spring of human actions can never be discovered — effects, almost imperceptible in their nature, are productive of the most important causes — but though, for wise purposes doubtless, the Great Disposer of human events has thus
thought

thought proper to shroud his creatures in mystery and ignorance — still we are certain of this truth : that a due acquiescence in the duties of moral virtue will certainly operate in our favour — that patience, under the afflictions of life, triumph more perfectly and more certainly than a daring, desperate conduct to overcome them.

Prosperity, supported by vice, in the history of all ages, has only prevailed with ephemeral power. Though minute has been the link, when traced with caution and penetration, on the chain of its success, it has been found to be connected with its downfall — while the same trifling connections, coincidence of causes, has conspired to affirm the happiness of human beings in all its worldly lustre.

Miss Delrow found herself once more drawn into life — her mind had taken the impression of the world, and she was now insensibly led into its pursuits.

Sought and admired, the fluttering beaux of the town surrounded her person ; and

though her heart was not touched, her senses were amused. She found a greater relief in her sorrows than in the dull, insipid gloom of a convent. The world—it was public life—her reason now confessed to be a more certain cure for grief and disappointment. She had opportunities to compare her own sufferings with the motley groupe of her acquaintance, and the secret of their lives could furnish her with a more ample lesson of *patience* and *resignation* than could be derived from the feeble mental exertion of her youth.

Could she survey her own disappointment without sympathy for the state of her friends, when she found their trials had been more acute, their wretchedness, perhaps, more deep and signalized.

Her aunt had retired to Bath—she heard of her return with Lady Raymond—came up to town, and would have prevailed on her to return with her—her presence only served to awaken her tenderness for the loss of Mr. Moreton; and as she

had derived the most soothing consolation in the inseparable company and friendship of Lady Raymond, she gave a natural preference to a friend with whom she could live without restraint, and in the habit of a mutual, an unfeigned intercourse.

The parade of company, visiting, and parties congenial to the natural inclination of Mrs. Drelincourt, led her again to Bath. She parted with her niece, though with reluctance, yet with a certain degree of resignation.

Miss Delrow found her mind daily increasing with more liberal and expansive sentiments of the world. She had acquired a certain degree of composure on the past affecting and tender scenes of her life — scenes so intimately connected with the heart as could not fail to tyrannise with the most unbounded sway over the mind of an innocent female.

The gallant Marquis de la Trouille had, by the invitation of the Raymonds, pur-

sued

sued Miss Delrow to England. Delighted with her resolutions to launch into life again, he conceived, by perseverance and *attention*, to conquer reluctance and a cold demeanour.

He was respectful, assiduous, mild, generous to the height of romance, yet well educated and accomplished. He made himself subservient to the fixed gloom of her mind, and never attempted to violate her melancholy by any sallies of wit or pleasantry.

In society she could contemplate his uncommon flow of spirits, but she never was assailed by them. Thus she esteemed the Marquis, and his company was rendered pleasing and acceptable.

Her hours were passed with tranquillity; and as the Marquis had not made an impression on her heart, she could listen to the raillery of her friends on his assiduity.

But

But what catastrophies are concealed in the womb of time !

Lord and Lady Raymond, Miss Delrow, and the Marquis, were at Drury-Lane Theatre. Mrs. Siddons was to make her appearance in Isabella : the town had been prepossessed with the talents of this actress — she was rising to estimation — it was her second appearance in this character.

To minds relaxed by care and sorrow, pathetic declamation will make its way forcibly to the heart, and overwhelm it with the most keen sensibility. What sympathy is there not in the melting tone, the delicate turn of feature, marked, though in fiction, with emanations from the heart, the harrowing look of distress, the eye of grief fascinating the spectator into pity, descriptive of nature in its most awful and soul-rending moments of calamity ? It is evident we thus derive our sensations of pleasure and pain in proportion as the object of our attention impresses harmony on our feelings. The same tragic tale, related
with

with an asperity of feature, discordant tone of declamation, will fail of its effect. Our passions are thus more liable to be excited by an exterior gesticulation and pathos, than by the interior powers of the judgment.

The tender distress represented by this actress threw a general stillness in the house by the sublimity of her conceptions of the character — she commanded the most perfect applause. It was on the entrance of Biron, when he discovered himself, when the look, the scream of the actress, pervading every fine organ of sensibility, that Miss Delrow fainted.

The attention of the company was drawn upon her — she was obliged to be conveyed into the lobby — Lord Raymond requested a gentleman, who was present, to hand a glass of water.

She opened her eyes — the gentleman returned — he presented the glass — She
screamed

screamed out Moreton — it fell from her hands, and she sunk lifeless on the ground.

Singular meeting! marked with the hand of superior interposition — a power which unites, accords, which renders the unaccountable events of life coincident with the most striking effects.

Lord Raymond conjured Mr. Moreton to retire. Lady Raymond lifted her hands to Heaven in astonishment. He was requested to wait on them in the morning.

What were the emotions of this gentleman are not to be described. He retired to his company.

When the senses of Miss Delrow returned, Lady Raymond had address to persuade her, that the person who had handed the water was not Mr. Moreton; that her imagination had only painted his person to her sight.

But

But in the morning following the real tragedy which had been acted in the playhouse, she gradually led her into a belief, that the report of his death had been false, and that the person she saw was undoubtedly her lover. What a transition of ecstasy in Miss Delrow! — but how great her anxiety, how great her surprise, when several days past, and Mr. Moreton had not called in Portman Square!

Her lover alive — various perturbations afflicted her soul — she was awakened from a long apathy of existence — the keen sensation of the past now rushed into her fancy — doubt and expectation, with the innumerable attendance on ardent passion, harrowed up her senses.

But Mr. Moreton did not seek her — how could this coldness be accounted for? Whence his absence?

“He had made himself palpably known
 “to Lord and Lady Raymond — it was
 “no delusion — but, gracious Heaven!

“he

“ he flies not into my arms — Ah, destiny!
 “ what is to be the portion of my existence?
 “ Must it be marked with extacy? — Hap-
 “ piness? — With woe?”

Love rekindled in her heart — she flies to the circles of life — but what a transition! — The mournful features of this young lady recover their animation — Her wit and accomplishments surprise her acquaintance, who, having sought her in the light of negative, passive virtue, found her harmless and docile — she had imparted pleasure in proportion as their security increased in her presence — she had not dressed for rivalry, nor did she dispute her pretensions to accomplishments or beauty.

But now the change.

Like the flashing meteor of the night, the dull haviour she had worn was illumed with all the brilliancy of fashion — she hurries to the opera — to public amusements — assemblies — wherever she could chance to see her Moreton!

Mighty

Mighty love ! the great spring of human virtue, enterprize, glory, transmuting the complection of mortals, the stormy paths of life, into the luxuriant groves of rapture ; or, by an opposite influence, plunging human beings into the deepest abyfs of misery.

A week past, and she received no news of him. Her hopes were now transmitted to anxieties of the most distressing nature. She had spared no pains to throw herself in his way — but no success. To divine the cause of his declining to visit her, caused her the most heart-rending alarms. Doubtless some cause existed, but she was puzzled to discover it. Such is the wonderful curiosity of the human heart ; we are prone to pry into the bane of our lives — to rack our brains for the means of discovering our misery.

Thus Miss Delrow, persuaded that a latent misery existed on the development of the truth of Moreton's absence, was resolved to find out the clue which could lead her to the *denouement*.

With

With an heart big with apprehensions she sends a servant to a coffee house, which is frequented by military officers. The name of Moreton is known — she finds the house he lodges at.

In the morning after this discovery a trusty female servant was sent to discover whether he was at home. Some trifling excuse to the woman of the house served as an introduction. He had left his apartments as soon as it was light in the morning.

To visit this woman — to be instructed in particulars which concerned Mr. Moreton's plan of life, required much vigilant prudence on the side of the fair pursuer — To be detected on such an errand, the rules of female delicacy utterly forbade — but she knew the mercenary disposition of women who let out apartments ready furnished — She could bribe to secrecy.

The schemes of love are generally concealed from our friends. We find always a repugnance to reveal our foibles. Strict
pudor

pudor will not admit of a faint trait of indecorum to escape from the breast of a woman. Lady Raymond, her bosom friend, was not acquainted with her plan.

Thus in secrecy she repairs to Mrs. Bennet, the woman who lets out lodgings. Her trembling heart, firmly resolved to hear every tale rebellious to the soft passion of her soul, made her stedfast in not betraying any symptoms of great emotion. She knew these women were uncommonly curious in learning the history of their lodgers, and not doubting but, from Moreton's valet, she would be instructed in the essential which she was desirous to know, she thus addressed her on being admitted :

“ Madam, I have waited upon you on
 “ business of the greatest importance—it
 “ concerns the absolute happiness of one
 “ of your sex—I am that interested wo-
 “ man—but as a stranger I cannot inter-
 “ cede with much propriety for your atten-
 “ tion, nor can I claim your friendship
 “ without some previous introduction to
 Vol. III. H “ your

“ your notice. But that I mean to engage
 “ that notice, suffer me, Madam, to pre-
 “ sent you with this trifle — it is to pur-
 “ chase your fidelity and secrecy in a cause
 “ in which your honour cannot be injured.
 “ [She here drew forth a purse, which
 “ contained some gold.] — Mr. Moreton,
 “ Madam — (She trembled) — I am come,
 “ a weak and silly young woman, to make
 “ some enquiries of you in which the peace
 “ of my mind is greatly concerned.”

Whether the present which she tendered
 to her, or her appearance, may have operated so violently upon the reserve of this lady, certain it is, her condescension now arose with every kind of encouragement.

“ My dear Mame, if it is in my power
 “ to answer any of your enquiries about
 “ the Major, you may freely command
 “ me — indeed, as I may say, there are
 “ few things but what I know that con-
 “ cerns him — But sure, Miss, you are not
 “ the great young lady he is going to be
 “ married to?”

“ To

“To be married!” — Miss Delrow looked with an eye of emotion and surprise. She desired her to repeat the words, and to name the person.

The marked disorder on her countenance made the woman somewhat more cautious.

“Perhaps, Miss,” she replied, “before you are finally resolved to enter into the state, you would wish to know his character from me. By your looks I am pretty well aware that my suggestions are not badly misplaced; and as you seem to keep silence, I should suppose I have made no bad guess as to your wishes also. He has been my lodger now going on about six months; and you must be persuaded, during this time, I must have made some remarks on his proceedings. I fear he has lately, within this week, taken on vastly indeed about something which has made him very unhappy — and I suppose you are no stranger to it, and this is the reason, perhaps, of your visit — So much so that his French servant, Louis, thinks the match will not go forward — but to be

“ sure it does not become me to interfere
 “ in things I am not acquainted with—
 “ But you know, Miss, as you are making
 “ enquiries of me concerning the Major,
 “ that it is very natural for me to have my
 “ suspicions. To be sure then, of late he
 “ has turned quite grave—likes to be alone
 “ —denies himself to his friends—fre-
 “ quent messages are sent from his aunt,
 “ but he always avoids them—and for se-
 “ veral days the lady herself has paid him
 “ a visit—but though he was in his own
 “ room, he denied himself, and insisted
 “ upon his servant, Louis, to say he was
 “ out—but the good lady would not take
 “ the refusal the last time as she came—
 “ she desired to see me, and a vast deal of
 “ chat, to be sure, we had together.—Oh
 “ dear, Miss, I fear you have got some
 “ rival—no wonder you are so much hur-
 “ ried, and made so very unhappy. All
 “ the wedding clothes are bought, she told
 “ me, and writings drawn, and all the
 “ parties vastly agreeable indeed to the
 “ match; but all of a sudden the Major
 “ seems to have changed his mind. No
 “ wonder then, as I have before said, you

" are so uneasy about him. To be sure
 " there is no doubt but some other young
 " lady has supplanted you. The men are
 " a now-a-days very fickle — but howsom-
 " ever, Miss, you may, perhaps, meet as
 " good a bargain, for you have, to be sure,
 " a fine round sum of money. There are
 " plenty of fine young fellows that are
 " left, Miss; and it is not worth while to
 " take so much to heart — Pray do not
 " grieve for what happens a now-a-days
 " to every young woman amost.

" The good old lady shed a great many
 " tears, I assure you, when I told her how
 " low he was — but methought her tears
 " were not so much for his lowness neither,
 " as for great sorrow on your account; for
 " she talked of the great confusion it would
 " make in your family when all things were
 " settled, to have it all broke off without
 " any more ado for what she did not
 " know. This I said, to be sure, was a
 " very wrong thing, and that Major More-
 " ton could do no less than tell her his
 " reasons for breaking off the match. —
 " But, perhaps, Miss, I am only telling

“ you all that you have before heard, so I
 “ will not say any more about that.”

Miss Delrow assuming somewhat more fortitude, calmly assured her, that she had been kept an utter stranger to these interesting particulars, and therefore most earnestly conjured her to continue her relation.

“ And have you not been informed of
 “ the visit of your brother, and the affair
 “ which had passed on her account ?”

Miss Delrow said she had not.

“ Then, Miss, I have something indeed
 “ to tell you which will greatly surprise
 “ you. All this, you must know, hap-
 “ pened yesterday only. I do not know
 “ how the consequences will turn out ; for
 “ your brother, as all young gentlemen of
 “ high spirits are, to be sure, will not suf-
 “ fer the Major to break off so abruptly.”

The emotions of Miss Delrow were now
 but too visible — the colour forsook her

coun-

countenance — the perturbation of her heart increased — she was ready to sink on the earth with agitation.

“ But as I said, Miss, the Major’s aunt and me, a very great lady indeed, had a long conversation together — she thought, to be sure, some other young lady or other was your rival, and she thought, perhaps, I could give her some insight into it. This, to be sure, is my opinion, and I dare say, Miss, you think so too — and I told his aunt as how I thought it was — for Louis, the Frenchman, and me, talked a good deal about it. You have heard, perhaps, of the young lady he fell in love with in France?”

“ A Miss Delrow” — a sad sigh from her heart — all her apprehensions were now but too fatally verified.

“ The same,” replied the good woman. “ Well then, Miss; Louis told me that his master had on yesterday se’nnight returned from the play — uncommonly agitated, he sent for him up into his

“ room — told him to order a post chaise
 “ and four to the door, for he was deter-
 “ mined to set off on business of the
 “ greatest consequence to his father in
 “ Scotland. Soon he told him to come
 “ back — then he told him to bring the
 “ pen and ink to write a letter — then again
 “ he changed his mind — walked about
 “ the room — sat down — talked to himself
 “ — sighed bitterly — mentioned over and
 “ over again the young lady’s name in
 “ France, whom Louis said was dead and
 “ buried — but his master raved upon her
 “ so much, that he verily believed he
 “ must have seen her apparition — and he
 “ never went abed all that blessed night,
 “ but sat up amaking a grievous moan to
 “ himself; and Louis sat by the side of
 “ him to comfort him. The Major would
 “ have pushed him away, but Louis would
 “ not go from him; for he told me he was
 “ so very much distressed in his mind, that
 “ he was afraid of his committing some
 “ rash action; and to-day the Frenchman
 “ has gone out in pursuit of his poor mas-
 “ ter — Alack-a-day, Miss! he has con-
 “ tinued so ever since that unlucky night,
 “ and

“ and unless a speedy turn takes to the af-
 “ fair, I fear no good will come of it.

“ But as I was saying, you know about
 “ Madam, his aunt—she is a great lady at
 “ Court, and it was she, as Louis says, that
 “ got him promoted to be a Major—she
 “ was so kind and so complaisant, with-
 “ out any manner of pride, that I could
 “ not, to be sure, you know, deceive her,
 “ and especially as she was so much your
 “ friend all this while. Well then, as she
 “ had called so often, and could not see
 “ the Major, and, to be sure, he was every
 “ time in his room, she had now come to
 “ get the truth out of me—and so she
 “ asked me if he really was at home.
 “ You know, Miss, I could not tell a fib—
 “ why should I ’bout such a trifle—there-
 “ fore I did say he was up stairs; and,
 “ without more ado, up she went in a very
 “ great hurry, and rapped most loudly at
 “ the door. Nephew Moreton, she cried
 “ out; I know you are in your room; I
 “ must and will see you.

“ When he opened the door it was a
 “ sad thing to look upon him — his hair
 “ all loose about his shoulders — and so
 “ melancholy. In short, my dear Mame,
 “ not to keep you any longer in sus-
 “ pense, which would be cruel, you
 “ know, in an affair which concerns you
 “ so nearly. He protested to his aunt
 “ that he would not have you, and that he
 “ was determined to break off the connec-
 “ tion. The good old lady took your part
 “ very roundly, I assure you; and notwith-
 “ standing his protestations, she argued the
 “ point over and over again. Dear heart,
 “ Miss, he was so obstinate — But when
 “ she asked him his reasons, I assure you
 “ he spoke in very handsome terms of you,
 “ my dear Mame — and by what I could
 “ gather, (for I stole up stairs and listened
 “ at the door) he said he was greatly
 “ shocked, indeed, that he was forced to
 “ break off the match so suddenly — but
 “ that he could not answer it to his consci-
 “ ence, if his ruin was to be the conse-
 “ quence. The dear, good lady, Miss, cried
 “ most bitterly. It was, I assure you, a very
 “ moving

“ moving scene to hear the poor Major
 “ talk to her with so much mildness, and
 “ beg of her to take her leave, and to leave
 “ him to his wretchedness. What could
 “ she say more — He gave no reasons, but
 “ still protested he would not have you —
 “ but, oh dear me — what will become of
 “ this shocking affair, the Lord in Heaven
 “ only knows.

“ But now, Miss, comes the worst part
 “ of the story — Lack-a-day, your brother
 “ was so furious — for it was only a few
 “ minutes after Mrs. Deborah Courtray,
 “ the poor Major’s aunt, got into her car-
 “ riage, that Captain Stanley came thun-
 “ dering at the door with another brother
 “ officer. Is the Major at home? he
 “ cried; and he looked as furious as a
 “ lion. As for me, I was frightened to
 “ death; and I pretty well guessed, to be
 “ sure, what he came about; so as I don’t
 “ like duels, I roundly told him he was not
 “ at home. Now, Miss, I am sure you
 “ would not like to have a duel on your
 “ account. Nothing is got by killing of

“ sweethearts — eh, eh, eh, eh — but, to
 “ be sure, we should have somebody stand
 “ up for us though — So I protested he was
 “ not at home, and kept standing him out
 “ of it — but, God bless me, who should
 “ I hear at the top of the stairs but the
 “ Major.

“ Captain Stanley, walk up.”

“ Now, Miss, the serious affair began.”

This ensuing scene was described in the
 language of Mrs. Obrian ; the former be-
 ing more colloquial, was related in the
 language of Mrs. Bennet, perhaps only to
 vary the style of the narrative.

“ Major,” said the Captain, “ I am
 “ come to demand satisfaction for the in-
 “ sult you have put upon my family. The
 “ day was fixed for your appearance in St.
 “ James’s Place — you disappointed us —
 “ your card of apology, to consider farther
 “ in an affair of so much consequence, is
 “ here in my pocket — here is your apology
 “ again — your consideration is come too

“ late—you should have better considered
 “ of your resolutions before you made your
 “ professions and your appointments—but
 “ think not, Sir, I am come here to terrify
 “ by threats—No, Sir,—my sister’s preten-
 “ sions are not over-rated by giving her
 “ hand to you—it is, Sir, to our once
 “ personal friendship you are, perhaps,
 “ greatly indebted for the facility of your
 “ overtures—I loved you, Sir; but your
 “ conduct has now cancelled that love,
 “ and now draws from me only my resent-
 “ ment.”

The Major replied, that he had no other
 atonement to make but the one he found
 he had now resolved to exact from him.
 “ Justly, indeed, may you accuse me,” he
 said, “ of dishonourable conduct in my
 “ professions to your amiable sister—but
 “ to me reproaches should not be only le-
 “ velled. There has been a scene of base-
 “ ness—infamy concerted by some of my
 “ nearest friends—Let me spare my accu-
 “ sations—they should not fall on the sa-
 “ cred name of a parent—But, Sir, as no
 “ other atonement can be made but the

“ one which the austere forms of modern
 “ honour enforces, I am prepared for your
 “ encounter. I hear protest, in the most
 “ solemn language, I have no repugnance
 “ in my heart to give my hand to your
 “ sister, but that of conscience.

“ Stanley, I have been betrayed — but
 “ of this, more when your reason is calmed
 “ by your repentment.”

Here Captain Stanley's second inter-
 posed, and drew his friend aside, and ex-
 postulated with him nearly in the following
 terms :

“ The character,” he observed, “ of
 “ Major Moreton was too well established
 “ than to imagine that only caprice had
 “ governed him in his resolutions, and
 “ that, from the expressions which had
 “ dropped from his mouth, it was necessary
 “ to give the fullest credit, seeing that he
 “ was prepared to give him every satisfac-
 “ tion he requested : therefore it was his
 “ opinion that he should not be too preci-
 “ pitate in a business which, being obscure,

“ required some eclaircissement before any
 “ violent measures were adopted. That
 “ the personal appearance also of the
 “ Major argued some latent unhappiness,
 “ which it was necessary should be placed
 “ on the side of compassion ; and that the
 “ great warmth with which he had accosted
 “ him could certainly not demand a full
 “ overture of his sentiments, since a man
 “ of gallantry would never condescend to
 “ any palliating measures when his spirit
 “ or courage might be doubted, and those
 “ measures interpreted as a subterfuge.
 “ Surely, then, it becomes us as men, to
 “ consider with coolness on the proper
 “ measures to be adopted to ascertain the
 “ limits of your resentment. Let us then
 “ immediately hasten to Mrs. Courtray,
 “ and endeavour to arrive at a solution of
 “ this mystery.”

Major Moreton overhearing, in part, a
 conversation which carried with it some
 marks of reason and generous principles,
 thus addressed Captain Stanley :

“ Sir,

“ Sir, my courage, as a man who has
 “ the honour to wear the ensignia of a ser-
 “ vant to his King and Country, you must
 “ be the first to confess, as having been in
 “ mutual service, has not born even the
 “ shadow of equivocation: why, there-
 “ fore, do you now entertain a doubt that
 “ I am inclined to colour my conduct with
 “ the smallest appearance of dishonour?
 “ No, Sir; I am as ready to meet your
 “ doubt as the confirmation of my per-
 “ fidy — but if you have temper to hear a
 “ brief story, I will endeavour to prove to
 “ you that my denial in accepting the
 “ hand of your amiable sister, is the result
 “ of the most steady principles of honour—
 “ the more your disappointment, the more
 “ the wonder and surprise of your family on
 “ my conduct — the more my portion of
 “ deep misery.—Sir, if my story will not
 “ satisfy, my life is devoted to your resent-
 “ ment.

“ You must have heard of a Miss Del-
 “ row, whose name, in the tenderest mo-
 “ ments of friendly intercourse, I have
 “ often-

“ oftentimes been delighted to paint in
 “ strains of rhapsody.”

“ She is dead,” replies Captain Stanley.

“ She lives ! She lives !” were the words of Major Moreton.

“ But, Sir, I have pledged my hand to
 “ Miss Stanley ; and by what principle of
 “ honour can I reconcile an interview with
 “ her who was once the only spirit of my
 “ existence ? Is not this a strong motive to
 “ raise up a conflict within me ? Can I
 “ lead that woman to the altar, whose af-
 “ fections can never meet with their just
 “ return, and can I reverence that heart
 “ which cancels the sacred bond of eternal
 “ friendship by the device and stratagem of
 “ his nearest friends ?”

“ Sir, the reports of her death were fa-
 “ bricated. The pretensions of Miss Stan-
 “ ley may be more transcendant than those
 “ of Miss Delrow, and the artifice of
 “ friends

“ friends may have trepanned my senti-
 “ ments into their devices.

“ Here, Sir, here is my punishment
 “ centered — I loved your sister, Sir,
 “ through the strict principles of an ho-
 “ nourable attachment, but not through
 “ the pure attractions of a primeval love.
 “ With Miss Stanley I could live as be-
 “ comes a man of unfulfilled honour —
 “ with Miss Delrow, in all the impassioned
 “ transports of wedded affection.

“ The object had not been effaced,
 “ though removed—but while the conspi-
 “ racy of friends fascinated, I forebore my
 “ reflections, and to chase from my soul
 “ the misery with which it had been for a
 “ considerable time overpowered—I sub-
 “ mitted to the empire of innocence and
 “ beauty.

“ In this my true-loved friend is cen-
 “ tered all the wrongs I have done your
 “ sister, and I am now prepared to make
 “ her, yourself, your family, every other
 “ repara-

“ reparation than that of taking her by
 “ the hand — when my heart must for
 “ ever condemn the crime, and while
 “ there is existing another woman who
 “ can accuse me with perfidy, and
 “ raise up that passion of perfect attach-
 “ ment which should be devoted to a
 “ wife.”

These sentiments dissuaded Captain
 Stanley from pushing his resentment with
 the violence he had at first meditated.

NARRA-

NARRATIVE XXXIV.

MISS Delrow heard the relation of Mrs. Bennet with some degree of fortitude, till she arrived at the period relative to the particulars of the explanation which took place between Major Moreton and Captain Stanley.

The sensibility of her heart now superseded the resolute demeanour which she at first supported, but her alarms for Moreton's happiness prevailed over every defence which female delicacy could arm itself with. It was in vain she struggled with the conflict. She could not drop a tear to relax the stubborn impressions of anxiety which the history of his intended marriage had created. On every side the prospect of her happiness was obscured by unnumbered evils — she had no dear friend in her pre-
fence

sence to sympathise with her afflictions, to open her heart by a suffusion of tender sympathy.

She was overpowered by excessive anguish.

Mrs. Bennet ran to her assistance—the house was in confusion. At this crisis the carriage of Mrs. Courtray made its appearance, and a loud peal at the door. She did not wait for any answer, but the door of the carriage being opened, she descended with much alertness, and entered the house at the instant Mrs. Bennet was communicating some assistance to Miss Delrow, who had remained senseless some minutes. This lady, at the sight of the interesting spectacle before her, for the door of the apartment was open on the ground floor, seemed surprised beyond the appearance of a common fainting fit, which Mrs. Bennet only seemed to signify was the cause of the young lady's situation.

“What young lady?” replied, in a sharp tone of voice, Mrs. Courtray. “Who
“ is

“is she?—Is my nephew in the house?—
“How long has she been here?”—with
several similar urgent interrogations.

“I presumed, Madam,” replied Mrs.
Bennet, “you was an acquaintance of
“Miss Stanley’s.”

“Miss Stanley’s!” replied Major More-
ton’s aunt. “How is this, Madam?
“What may this circumstance import?
“I know Miss Stanley—there is some im-
“position.”

Miss Delrow now opens her eyes. She
beholds Mrs. Courtray standing over her.
“Do me the favour, Madam,” faintly ad-
dressing herself to Mrs. Bennet, “to see
“me safely conveyed to Lord Raymond’s
“in Portman Square. I find myself un-
“commonly indisposed.”

“Bless me, Mame” in a loud tone of
voice, cries this woman, “I understood
“you was the Major’s intended lady. I
“thought all along I had been entertain-
“ing Miss Stanley.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Courtray now spoke — “Miss Delrow, I presume.”

She had heard the relation of Captain Stanley, and had posted off on the wings of an harpy to circumvent her nephew, and to use her best diligence to avert, if possible, any fatal measures arising between him and this lady.

Miss Delrow answered, that she had not the honour of recollecting the face of Mrs. Courtray, but she acknowledged her name.

“Is the Major in his room?” sharply asked Mrs. Courtray.

“He had walked out very early in the morning,” was the answer.

“Where is he? — I am the aunt, Madam, of the Major.”

Miss Delrow now cast her eyes on Mrs. Courtray; and, perhaps, as she observed a set of features not very ominous of much cordiality in her favour, she only thought

proper to attempt to rise and offer the lady her salutation.

“ Much confusion, I fear, Miss. Sad
 “ situation my nephew has brought him-
 “ self into. You was the lady, I under-
 “ stand, he had some partiality for in
 “ France; but your death had been long
 “ reported. How the consequences will
 “ turn out I dread to think of! Since he saw
 “ you at the play, as I have just been in-
 “ formed by Capt. Stanley, he has conducted
 “ himself like an insane creature — Every
 “ thing prepared for the nuptials — the
 “ whole family much disappointed, and I
 “ fear the life of one or two gallant men
 “ will be sacrificed before this tragedy can
 “ be concluded. It becomes me, Miss, to
 “ give my advice; but I assure you,
 “ though you may consider me to be in-
 “ terested in giving it, that I am sincere
 “ when I conjure you in the most solemn
 “ manner to consider very deliberately on
 “ the plan which you wish to adopt in this
 “ business. If your attachment, your pro-
 “ fessions of esteem, are sincere, think only,
 “ Miss Delrow, what you hazard by the
 “ steps

“ steps you have now undertaken. Do
 “ you think the family of Miss Stanley
 “ (the particulars of which, I understand,
 “ Mrs. Bennet has just related) will sub-
 “ mit to my nephew’s cancelling the pro-
 “ mises which he has made to that young
 “ lady? And do you think, as a man of
 “ honour, he will ever acquiesce in any
 “ overtures which may be made from you
 “ to supplant her in his esteem? But
 “ though I grant his resolutions are now
 “ shaken, and a circumstance which I re-
 “ peat with the greatest trepidation, I must
 “ take the liberty to aver, that the steps
 “ you have now taken to visit the Major,
 “ in the great distress of mind which he
 “ now labours under, does not by any
 “ means either argue the purity of your
 “ attachment, or the goodness of your un-
 “ derstanding. In the first instance, your
 “ prudence is open to censure, and your
 “ character, perhaps, not a little impaired;
 “ in the second, this resolution you have
 “ unadvisedly undertaken must prove that
 “ you have not had his welfare so deeply
 “ at heart, as becomes a lady of those pro-
 VOL. III. I “ sessions

“ sessions which you are desirous of making
 “ known on his account.”

Miss Delrow now wanted no spirit to
 rise from her chair.

“ Madam, with scorn I treat the impu-
 “ tations of misconduct which you place
 “ to my charge. I came here to learn
 “ those particulars of Major Moreton’s
 “ engagement, which the lady of this
 “ house has, through mistake, divulged.
 “ It is sufficient for me to add, that my
 “ views were not to meet the unfortunate
 “ man of my choice ; an expression which
 “ I have courage to pronounce, and a
 “ glory to triumph in, but to be confirmed
 “ in my suspicions that some other fa-
 “ voured lady was either the mistress of
 “ his hand or his choice. No, Madam ;
 “ I repeat it ; it is with scorn I throw back
 “ your insinuation against my unsullied
 “ fame. I came to affirm, not to impair
 “ his happiness. His vows were given—
 “ my claims recede from the infraction of
 “ his honour—I have courage to triumph
 “ over those feelings which are flattered at
 “ the

“ the expence of that principle which is
 “ the only true glory of the men ; and
 “ though I might behold another woman
 “ in the possession of the favoured man of
 “ my heart, I should acquire fortitude
 “ sufficient to repel the weakness of my
 “ wishes, and submit to the extent of hu-
 “ man misery, to those decrees which the
 “ austere tribunal of honour had esta-
 “ blished.

“ I am only known to you and the lady
 “ of this house, therefore it may become
 “ you to keep my visit as it deserves, in
 “ strict secrecy. My spirits will not admit
 “ of any farther parley, and I therefore
 “ beg your excuse — [To Mrs. Bennet]
 “ Will you, Madam, do me the favour to
 “ send for a coach ?”

A coach was soon ordered by Mrs. Cour-
 tray's footman. Miss Delrow stepped into it.
 She departed for Portman Square.

When Mrs. Courtray arrived at Mrs.
 Bennet's, it seemed not improbable from
 corresponding circumstances, as well from

the first completion, as the sequel of Major Moreton's discovery of Miss Delrow, that she had repaired to her nephew to invent some artful tale to dissuade him from the connection, or some plot to favour Miss Stanley : but the particulars of this visit not having transpired, it only remains for conjecture to assert the above.

However it is certain, that the discovery of Miss Delrow at Mrs. Bennet's did not escape the fertility of her invention to turn the same to what she had considered, but too fatally, as her advantage. Exaggeration of incidents this lady was but too well versed in. The first device she had concerted, to invite her nephew to forego his inclination for Miss Delrow, arose from the evil reports which had been raised against her character in his absence by the unhappy and infatuated Morpet. But this public censure was contradicted on his death, when, by the activity of the Raymond party, the unfortunate history of Miss Delrow was published, and the justification of all the martyrs of his hypocrisy and artful evils was clearly manifested.

Though

Though this justification had reached the Raymond circle, and, perhaps, the ears of Mrs. Courtray, but Major Moreton had not been in the fortunate possession of the truth till the morning after the catastrophe at the play.

The true story of the base machination of Morpet to entrap Miss Delrow in the brothel had been suppressed, and the exaggerated account traduced the character of his mistress to the most vile and abandoned obloquy.

Thus he was made the dupe of detraction, and his advances to Miss Stanley justified at the expence of the unhappy Miss Delrow's character.

Honour thus presented to his view, he is taught to forget his attachment, and flattered in the gratification of a gay metropolis; he is permitted to revel in the rounds of fashion and expence — his mind being amused, his heart is disburdened of anxiety on her account — and her death having been artfully propagated, the first impres-

sions of his youthful heart were in a measure dissipated by the insidious arts of his family, swayed on all sides by pride and interest, and who had taken all imaginary pains to dissipate his early connections.

Thus Miss Delrow was made to believe in his death, to favour a fresh connection on her side; and he, by the same species of artifice, made to believe in a similar report.

But in the morning after their unexpected meeting at the playhouse, he was determined to enquire into the truth of those reports which had been raised against her character. The one of her death had now proved false; the other, which tended to criminate the fairest creature which his eyes had ever beheld, might equally prove the same.

He is now convinced of the falsity of both. What a shock did his soul receive on a retrospect of his conduct! — To entertain for any length of time sentiments so unworthy the spotless character of his beloved

loved mistress — to believe she had been tainted without the minutest, the most correct investigation of truth, on the reports of his sinister, interested family ! What delusion ! What a reproach to his feelings ! But with the acutest sense of retribution to the most-injured Miss Delrow, what prospect of completing his wishes ! It could not be — to break his promise to Miss Stanley ! — his life was placed on that resolution, and his honour must condemn those maxims which his heart approved *.

* These sentiments are collected from his letter to Miss Delrow.—See the succeeding narrative.

NARRATIVE XXXV.

WHEN Miss Delrow arrived in Portman Square she found the hurry of her spirits too great to think of receiving any repose without the company of Lady Raymond. To impart the sorrows, the anguish of the heart, to a bosom friend, must sooth affliction to certain limits of endurance.

What ineffable delight do we not experience, and what cool patience by reciprocal converse is not shed on the harrowing reflections of a soul overburdened with affliction!

She imparted to Lady Raymond the scene which had transpired at Mrs. Bennet's.

There

There wanted little penetration on the side of her friend not to discover the artful snares which had been tendered for the Major to induce him into the scheme of matrimony with Miss Stanley.—“Do you not,” says she, “behold, in the character of Mrs. Deborah Courtray, a character of vast deception, and a woman of great knowledge of life? You must not suppose that he would, even on the report of your death, so suddenly think of uniting himself with another woman, unless the affection which he had professed for you had not been effaced from his heart by reports shamefully propogated at the expence of your character. You must consequently, on reflection, believe, that the insidious tale which the wretched Morpet had caused to be circulated must have reached his ear, to have prevailed on him to give his hand without a very severe compunction of conscience. You are not even now certain that he is undeceived respecting this infamous tale of detraction; and on these premises I am entitled freely to impart my counsel. The duty therefore which you owe to

“ your own personal good fame requires
 “ an immediate interposition between the
 “ Major and your insidious stigmatizers.
 “ I do, Miss Delrow, undertake most wil-
 “ lingly to clear your conduct on a per-
 “ sonal interview with him. I will enjoin
 “ Lord Raymond to bear me company;
 “ and should we find to what point of evil
 “ suggestions against you he has been be-
 “ trayed into his recent connection with
 “ Miss Stanley, such suggestions will, in
 “ the eyes of all impartial persons, be his
 “ strong and justifiable plea for cancelling
 “ his marriage engagements — engage-
 “ ments that only appear to me to have
 “ been founded on the belief of your
 “ wounded reputation, and the report of
 “ your death.”

Miss Delrow now confessed the superior
 efficacy of flying to the counsel of a real
 friend, when the heart was loaded with
 anxiety and sorrow. She now beheld the
 nature of her engagement with Major
 Moreton in a light quite opposed to those
 sentiments which she had entertained in the
 presence of Mrs. Courtray. It had never

entered her idea to think of clearing up her conduct in the eye of her beloved Moreton, and she was now fully convinced that she was in conscience liberated from the rigid maxims of refusing an hymeneal claim, when the engagements of her lover had been exacted by injustice, and at the expence of her spotless repute.

She was now convinced, for the first time in her life, that an heart, oppressed with the conflicts of a tender passion, was incompetent to discharge the cool, the collected offices of the mind; and she now bowed with submissive resignation to the advice of her friend.

Hope relumined her countenance with a smile of approbation. Lady Raymond flew from the room to seek his Lordship in his study. They were to set off in quest of the unhappy Moreton. — But whither could he be found! — he had left his apartments at an early morning hour under the greatest pressure of human affliction. Fatal consequences were to be apprehended, and her heart was again rent in twain with fresh

alarms. That Lady Raymond's advice was just, she could have no doubt, and her sentiments must be authorised by the nature of his absence. He had never sought her since their meeting at the play, and it was therefore evident he was still deceived in respect to the reports which it was natural for her to believe had been raised against her character.

Miss Dekrow was alone, and occupied with similar sentiments, when a servant entered the room with the following letter—saying, that a French servant was waiting in the hall, and who requested to have an immediate reception, having some very interesting business which concerned her to communicate.

“ Unhappy Miss Dekrow ! — More terribly wretched your deluded Moreton.

“ Iniquity is now brought to light —
 “ distraction is now ripe to dash me to the
 “ earth in all its terror — My father !

“ Should a parent be the source of the
 misery of his son ?

“ Must our hearts be made the sport
 “ of self interest and convenience ! — it
 “ shall not be——

“ Thou art my wife — my soul — my
 “ existence — The decree of nature has
 “ confirmed it.

“ But it is passed and gone — Distrac-
 “ tion ! — My aunt — Let the fiends, now
 “ tearing at my heart, confound her ac-
 “ cursed devices.

“ But you are an angel, and have tri-
 “ umphed over the malice of the devil.

“ I have heard the truth of your his-
 “ tory, no matter how — pure spirit ! —
 “ What reward is there on earth ? In
 “ heaven it must be.

“ I perish

“ I perish — The plots of my family
 “ have reached to my soul.

“ I will not bear reflection — Accursed
 “ hour ! — Must youth be deluded by the
 “ stern virtues of age ? — Bear me, bear
 “ me from these scenes of horror — I will
 “ — I must depart — I bless my Mar-
 “ garet.”

Louis was immediately announced. He said he had that instant left his master in the most alarming state of mental agitation, and that he had pretended to take his leave under the severest threats not to follow him, but to take the letter to Portman Square.

That he had artfully contrived to watch his motions, fearful lest from the very alarming agitation he was in, he might be tempted to commit an act of desperation ; and that he had watched him into Hyde Park towards Kensington Gardens, whither for these several days past he was accustomed to walk for some hours. That observing the address of

the letter was to Miss Delrow, he had recollected the name, and was determined to speed to Portman Square with all imaginable celerity, in hopes of prevailing on her to give his master a meeting, which might doubtless operate a change of sentiments upon him—not doubting but that the derangement of his mind must have arisen from a cause which the condescension of Miss Delrow might remove.

Miss Delrow sprung up with a tear in her eye to ring the bell, to order a servant to the apartment of Lady Raymond.

Lord Raymond's coach was soon at the door. It was resolved that Miss Delrow should bear them company to Kensington Gardens.

The coachman was ordered to drive with the utmost expedition.

The contents of the letter were alarming; and, considered in every point of view, they had no encouragement to augur any

any favourable circumstances as to the safety of his person.

An awful apprehension of an approaching catastrophe seemed to spread a torpor over the party.

A deep silence took place from the instant they entered the carriage.

When they arrived in the gardens, they immediately addressed the man at the gate to direct them to the walk whither the Major, describing his person, had taken.

But it was soon decided that Lord Raymond should take the direction towards the Major, while the ladies should proceed to the long walk which leads to the sheet of water before the palace. They had not far advanced to the great avenue, when, at a distance scarce possible to recognise the person, they observed a man with rapid strides shoot into a walk which lost itself in right angles with the one they were en-
joined

joined to fix upon, among a thick shade of foliage.

“ It is Moreton,” exclaimed Miss Delrow. “ I know him by the little white dog which follows him — It is my Con-
“ stance — I gave it him by his request on
“ our parting.”

Lord Raymond had taken the opposite side of the garden. Moreton had traversed the sequestered walks, and had thus eluded a meeting.

They now, by the prevailing impulse of female sensibility, and the sympathetic attraction of that power in human nature, more easily to be conceived than possible to be described, followed him with quick but imperceptable paces. As they approached a spot which seemed overgrown with horse chestnut trees, pines and poplars, embowering the walk over the varied hedge, they saw a young woman coming towards them who had at that instant made a sharp turn from another angular walk which

which intersected theirs. Of her they enquired if she had seen a gentleman answering such a description, with a little white dog by his side.

"O yes," she said; "and he has just this instant turned into a dark and gloomy square spot of ground that has a bench in it—to the right of yon opening," pointing to it.

The gentleman, she observed, seemed much disordered in his mind; for when he past her, his eyes were fixed on the ground, and he paced the walk with a continued calling to his dog, Constance—though the little creature was at his heels, and leaping up to him.

They now entered the covert of the garden, and, by unheard paces, approached near enough the spot where Moreton had retired to. Through some of the trees they perceived him seated on the bench which the young woman had described. He was perusing a paper in a musing posture. His countenance seemed fixed, stern,

stern, yet collected, and much impaired in appearance of health by the recent agitation which his mind had undergone. After some little time had elapsed in the perusal of the paper, he called his dog to him, which, on a motion of his hand, leaped on his knee with every exterior mark of satisfaction in the caresses of his master—

“Thou faithful and endearing little animal, thou art the only pledge that is left me of the woman of my heart—
“Constance, we will never part—thou shalt accompany thy master in all his pilgrimages.”

The beautiful creature now reposed itself by his side, while his master, reclining his head on his hand, thus ejaculated a prayer to the Almighty :

“I feel an awful monitor within me which whispers comfort to my soul in this hour of distress—I bow to its silent admonition.”

“Poor coward heart of man, that it should fear to contend with the blast of
“misery.”

“ misery. I triumph in this vast con-
 “ flicting agony of mind, and dare en-
 “ counter the most affailing attacks of
 “ wretchedness.” (He now flung him-
 “ self on the ground.) “ Great God, ac-
 “ cept my prayer of thankfulness for thy
 “ almerciful protection ; and as I now
 “ prostrate myself before thee in humble
 “ and devout repentance on a retrospect
 “ of premeditated transgression, guide still
 “ my wayward soul, and arm it with suffi-
 “ cient fortitude to support this load of
 “ trouble and affliction,”

He now rose up, and taking out of his
 pocket a phial, he was contemplating of
 it — when Miss Delrow, with a violent
 scream, accompanied with Lady Raymond,
 rushed into his presence.

Here description will fail — the mind of
 sensibility must form a substitute for the
 colour of language — They were clasped
 in each others arms — but judge, ye souls
 of tender sympathy, by what prevailing
 impulse !

What

What moments of unexpected rapture are oftentimes found in the history of the most despairing misery, the incomprehensible accord of moments!—when human events rush upon us with a miraculous agency, when the actions of mortals are all-hallowed by a transcendant power of divine justice!

“ARRA—

NARRATIVE XXXVI.

WHEN a certain degree of composure and cessation of pride had taken place in the mind of Moreton, and he had seated himself by the side of Miss Delrow and Lady Raymond, who had been overpowered by the violent alarms which this extraordinary circumstance had occasioned, he burst forth with this passionate address :

“ How wonderful this meeting ! and at
 “ such an interesting period of my life !—
 “ By what secret guidance do I thus be-
 “ hold my Margaret in my presence ?
 “ Must I not look up to an invisible power
 “ — at a moment when my constancy had
 “ armed me with religious courage to sa-
 “ crifice the endearing transports of the
 “ heart to the altar of my honour—to live
 “ to bear a load of endless misery ?”

[He

[*He now took from his pocket the phial.*

“ With this I had determined to close a
“ life of misery.

[*He lets it fall ON THE GROUND.*

“ I had some doubts to weigh in my
“ mind, and I have repeatedly fought this
“ solitude to consider the awful purposes
“ which distracted my soul. The vast op-
“ pression of misery which encumbered
“ my existence, turned my purposes into
“ horror, and I refused to live because
“ the fears of death were less afflicting
“ than the miseries of life. Was I not a
“ coward to dread the pangs of suffering
“ misery unawed by guilt? Thy Moreton
“ was deluded into error—he was betrayed
“ by designing subtlety—he was robbed of
“ his Margaret—the thought exceeded the
“ constancy of heart in the trial of his
“ sufferings.

“ Thus I pondered on the choice of ex-
“ istence, and this day was appointed to
“ decide the end of my self-premeditated
“ outrage. But, oh blest moments—I
“ have made the appeal before the tri-
“ bunal of my Maker, and my conscience

“ has accused me of cowardice. I was
 “ afraid to live—to encounter a life of
 “ wretchedness—to lose my Margaret.
 “ But I have triumphed in moments of su-
 “ preme delight. What a contrast to the
 “ terrible disorder of my soul!—Oh, it was
 “ a divine reward for my constancy.”

Such were, as near as could be recol-
 lected, the sentiments of this gentleman—
 as recorded by Lady Raymond.

Miss Delrow now with tenderness
 stretched out her hand to Moreton—she
 clasped his in hers*. She pressed it to
 her lips—she wept over it—her heart had
 swelled with an eternity of grief—this was
 a moment of regenerating passion—the
 phantoms of life were now realised—She
 was in the presence of the man for whom

* In these moments of pure affection female vir-
 tue will throw off the shackles of restraint. There is
 an impulse of goodness which transcends the cold de-
 meanour of an artificial passion. It is worthy to ob-
 serve, that the most refined sentiments of the heart are
 here brought down to the level of native simplicity.

her eyes had streamed with incessant tears.
He lives — He loves.

But possession is removed — The decrees of honour have bound her Moreton to another — she dares not reflect on the connection with Miss Stanley. To sacrifice his promise ! — She would be the guardian of his fame.

The conflict of ineffectual happiness was rising in her bosom. The obstacle to possession impossible, unless the bonds of honour were infracted. She casts the harrowing look of despair upon him — their eyes encountered each other, and the mutual sigh reveals the mutual sentiment.

She speaks——

“ When I judge of the troubles you
“ have suffered by the feelings of my own
“ heart, my tenderness rises in proportion
“ to my sensibility, and the happiness
“ which I had once cherished in my breast,
“ I am here ready to sacrifice as a mitigation of your pain. Moreton, there is a

“ bliss in pure love which far transcends
 “ any other sordid gratification, and which
 “ bids you to perform the vows you now
 “ stand engaged to ratify. Although my
 “ friendship cannot be realized by per-
 “ fect possession, I shall live to rejoice
 “ in the remembrance of this present
 “ meeting, which has proved to the
 “ wretched Margaret the force of her
 “ Moreton’s love.”

Lady Raymond interrupting Miss Del-
 row, thus broke the chain of her sentiment-
 tal dialogue.

“ Before the arrival of this auspicious
 “ hour you were both astonished — sunk
 “ to the deepest abyss of human misery —
 “ but by a wonderful coincidence of events
 “ you are now suddenly raised to momen-
 “ tary transports of bliss. Why should ye
 “ therefore now endeavour to blacken the
 “ prospect before you by exaggerated ob-
 “ stacles of honour, and over-rated senti-
 “ ments of virtue? Should you not cherish
 “ hope, and, while the present moments
 “ are illumined with an unexpected hap-
 “ piness,

“ piness, remove despair at a still greater
 “ distance? Your impatience has antici-
 “ pated the evil, and blinds you from see-
 “ ing the joys that are concealed in the
 “ womb of futurity. Do you not per-
 “ ceive, in the unexpected happy meeting
 “ on this spot, the great trust you should
 “ have in hope, and the advantage of
 “ making the most of your apparent good
 “ fortune.

“ Had you been fraught with *patience*
 “ and *resignation* in the hour of affliction,
 “ in the hour of worldly trial, when vir-
 “ tue and constancy should be proved
 “ through that necessary ordeal, you would
 “ have remained in this metropolis amidst
 “ the buzz of slander and reproach, have
 “ faced the cruel eye of your enemy, and
 “ have been present to have counteracted
 “ falsehood and injury. Soon the rattle of
 “ the day would have subsided, and your
 “ own defence would have been heard to
 “ have rendered your victory more com-
 “ plete. You would have been present to
 “ have contradicted the false assertions of
 “ your death — you would have been pre-

“ sent to have received your Moreton into
 “ your arms on his return to his native
 “ country.

“ But your irritable and impatient tem-
 “ per hurried you to a convent — to con-
 “ firm the tale of censure, slander, and
 “ injustice; and you have now been
 “ taught, by a fatal experience, that the
 “ true sanctuary in affliction is in the so-
 “ lemn temple of your own heart. There,
 “ had you taken counsel, and had applied
 “ the balm of *patience* and *resignation* to
 “ calm those troubles which nor conscience
 “ nor iniquity had created, the tran-
 “ sient pangs which your misfortunes had
 “ caused would have only served to ren-
 “ der your happiness more signalised.
 “ Do not therefore anticipate fresh evils,
 “ when a heavenly interposition seems to
 “ be hovering over your destiny, and when
 “ your salvation, perhaps, depends only
 “ on a resolute constancy under these
 “ trials.”

Then directing herself to Major More-
 ton, she observed, that he must, in the sen-
 timents

iments of his own heart, perceive, in the most awful manner, the truth of her remarks.

“ Had he not,” she said, “ summoned
 “ a resolution to his aid, to recover a con-
 “ stancy, to triumph over every surround-
 “ ing trouble, he would not have been
 “ crowned with such a glorious reward —
 “ the presence—the embraces of the object
 “ of his tenderest affection—the source of
 “ all his troubles and perplexity.

“ Then do you not perceive that you
 “ have both raised up a phantom of false
 “ honour in your minds, by supposing that
 “ Miss Stanley would insist on the pro-
 “ mises being ratified of a man who had,
 “ on the eve of marriage, been restored to
 “ a far more sacred attachment? Would
 “ she not reject the overture, on such pro-
 “ mises, so binding and sacred in their na-
 “ ture, with true detestation, and condemn
 “ the thoughts of an attempt to affirm her
 “ own happiness on the misery of another
 “ amiable and first-beloved female, with
 “ an honest indignation? ’Tis preposite-

“ rous not to believe that a young lady, of
 “ good breeding and noble lineage, would
 “ not be guided by similar sentiments of
 “ delicacy and personal justice.

“ As to your pledge of promise with
 “ your friend, the brother of this lady, let
 “ him be first instructed in the true history
 “ of Miss Delrow — let him be made ac-
 “ quainted with the falsities that have been
 “ industriously related to serve the strata-
 “ gems and connivances of that cruel and
 “ interested woman, Mrs. Courtray — Are
 “ you so self-cajoled as not to believe but
 “ he would cancel your pledge, and libe-
 “ rate you from your *exact* promise to his
 “ sister?”

These sentiments created a look of re-
 turning satisfaction in the oppressed coun-
 tenance of Miss Delrow.

They were both rapt in expressive silence.
 It was a pause of thanks to the fair teacher
 of such cordial precepts.

In these moments the keen eye of experience can pervade the recesses of the human heart. These lovers were pre-eminently blest.

Their hope was now affirmed — Miss Delrow looked all transports on her Moreton — she called the little Constance to her side, and the charming creature barked, danced around her — ran and fetched her a small branch of a tree to be thrown him, to obey the wishes of his once-endearing mistress.

It brought her the branch — it was, indeed the olive branch of peace to a soul that had so lately been bound to affliction. She took the dog in her arms, and hugged the little animal to her breast.

A voice was now heard to approach the spot, which exclaimed, “ the scream was from that quarter.”

The party in the grove now rose up and advanced to the avenue, where they beheld Lord Raymond, preceded by a very

corpulent aldermanic kind of a personage, who seemed to have walked with more than usual exertion. He had his hat and wig in one hand, his handkerchief in the other, and was panting for breath.

It seems that Lord Raymond, having met the young woman who had directed the ladies to the recess, and making inquiries of her, she had been the cause of accelerating his step, having suggested her apprehensions of some misfortune having happened by the scream which she had heard of Miss Delrow when she had surprized Major Moreton.

The meeting of Lord Raymond and the young woman being at a considerable distance from the spot, his Lordship stepped on with a smartish pace, and, discovering some agitation in his countenance, he was soon accosted by the stranger, who, having been informed of the entrance of Moreton into the gardens by the man at the gate, the enquiries made concerning him by the Raymonds, and of his having been seen, in a melancholy mood,

to enter there some days before, he, without any ceremony, joined him with a "Sir!" "Sir! I have some business of consequence to tell you."

"I have no time to lose," replied his Lordship: "it is not in my power to stop."

But resolved to urge his point, and mistaking him for Moreton, whom the man at the gate had described, he abruptly advised him to take a turn or two with him, and that he certainly would not repent of it, if he did.

Still keeping pace with his Lordship, he now frankly told him, that he suspected he was come there to make an attempt upon his life; and, considering that rash actions of this nature very frequently arose from the want of a seasonable source of a friend, he therefore had it in his power to lend him some assistance. "I am a single man," he said; "with a large fortune, and only live to please my caprices—"

“ My house is on the other side of the wall
 “ towards Kenfington ; and if you will step
 “ home with me, I have no doubt but I
 “ shall find an argument that will prevail
 “ over your melancholy. I do not like to
 “ hear of people hanging and drowning
 “ themselves for the want of a few hun-
 “ dred pounds, while they have an oppor-
 “ tunity of making their cases more agree-
 “ able by a little patience ; therefore, if
 “ you will have a little of that patience to
 “ hear a few words which I have to say to
 “ you, I am convinced you will not be
 “ sorry for my acquaintance.”

Struck with this extraordinary, yet phi-
 lanthropic, salutation, his Lordship soon
 convinced the stranger that his suspicions
 were not well founded ; but that, judging
 from the direction he saw him come from,
 he had grounds for those suspicions, he in-
 vited him to bear him company to discover
 the spot of the garden where Moreton had
 retired to.

The parties having thus met, and an ec-
 claircissement having taken place in the

most satisfactory manner, they prepared to retire from the gardens, when Lord Raymond, desirous of knowing something of this generous stranger's history, assured him, that he would be happy to see him at his house in Portman Square, and pressed him much to take a dinner with him there on the same day.

ARRA-N 6 K

NARRATIVE XXXVII

THE happy circumstances of this meeting had the most pleasing effect on all the parties. Major Moreton was prevailed on to enter the carriage, to dine in Portman Square. Lord and Lady Raymond were to commence a negotiation with the Stanleys, and every arrangement was to be made to accelerate an union.

The stranger, who had accosted and engaged the curiosity of Lord Raymond in the garden, whose name was Bygrove, taking leave of his Lordship at the gate, said, he would not fail to wait on him according to his appointment.

As the company were past through the gate to gain the carriage, the faithful Louis made his appearance, and seemed de-

lighted to behold his master with a cheerful countenance, and perfectly reconciled to the meeting of his friends. Having received commands from his master to proceed to his apartments with dispatch for some clothes to bring to Portman Square, they entered the coach, and Louis stepping up behind the other servants, the carriage drove off.

On our journey through life there are many little adventitious circumstances, like episodes in dramatic writings, which divert us from the straight road we were pursuing, and so interesting, so imposing in their nature, that we cannot help pausing for awhile to contemplate them.

Such was the anecdote of Mr. Bygrove, which I shall here prefix as a digression from the chain of this narrative.

On the approach of Lord Raymond's dinner hour, a splendid equipage drove up to his door, and Mr. Bygrove, the fat stranger, descended from it. He made his appearance in a very handsome attire—a

peruke well powdered, and indeed the exterior in very tolerable order to correspond with the magnificence of his equipage. After he had made his salutations in a respectful, though not in a very polished stile, he took his seat by the side of Major Moreton, and immediately broke silence by the following frank address :

“ Sir, I am rejoiced to make your acquaintance, and shall be proud to lend
 “ you any service in my power, as I before
 “ observed to his Lordship. I am a single
 “ person, and have had a very large sum
 “ of money devolved to me by the death
 “ of a rich brother in the East Indies,
 “ which has quite unexpectedly called me
 “ from a very profitable business, to loll
 “ in my coach, and live an idle, useless
 “ life. When I was in the soap-boiling
 “ line, I had always something to fill up
 “ my *idle hours*, about this thing and that
 “ thing ; and when I wanted a little pleasure,
 “ it was only setting off on the Saturday
 “ afternoon in my chaise to a little
 “ snug box near Putney bridge to spend
 “ the Sunday, and smoke my pipe with an

“ old croney. But now every day is the
 “ same, and I grow tired of the same
 “ round, for I was determined to know
 “ what it was to live like a gentleman—
 “ So I bought a fine house at Kensington,
 “ and live at my ease; and should have
 “ been pretty much tired in having no-
 “ thing to do, if I had not concerned my-
 “ self with other person’s business. But I
 “ must now come to the point, and tell
 “ you, that as I am very fond of walking
 “ about in fine weather with my pipe, and
 “ don’t like to be out of sight of old Lon-
 “ don, and out of the hearing of merry
 “ Christ-church bells, I take my walks in
 “ Kensington gardens every day, when
 “ the weather permits. But this kind of
 “ diversion I found soon grew flat, stale,
 “ and tiresome, and I began to think of
 “ moving into Thames Street again, and
 “ taking up my old trade of sope-boiling—
 “ and I certainly should have done so but
 “ for the following circumstance, which
 “ gave action to my mind, and a kind of
 “ frolic to my fancy. It was not long since
 “ in one of my walks, as I was seated on a
 “ bench which fronts the Serpentine river

“smoking my pipe, and looking whiff-
 “fully on the black smoak of the city,
 “when I observed a gentleman, whom I
 “had a little time before seen in a very
 “melancholy mood, walk up and down
 “the gardens, take a great jump off the
 “bank into the water. I am not much
 “inclined to leap neither, as you may see
 “by my make, but I could not behold
 “this accident without giving assistance,
 “though I might run some hazard myself
 “by so doing; I therefore took a down
 “leap from the haw-haw wall, and was
 “presently on the spot. I am no very
 “bad swimmer, though not of the best of
 “runners; so I first pulled off my coat
 “and waistcoat, and walked leisurely
 “enough into the water to watch his
 “coming up, and, as good luck would
 “have it, I caught hold of the flap of his
 “coat as he was sinking the last time, and
 “somehow or other brought him safe to
 “land.

“The gentleman soon came to himself,
 “and returned me thanks for the trouble
 “and danger I had put myself to on his

“ account, but that he had finally con-
 “ cluded on this method of getting rid of
 “ a wretched and troublesome life. I now
 “ asked his reasons for exposing his fellow
 “ creatures to the danger of delivering him
 “ from an action which, if perpetrated in
 “ his full senses, must plunge him into a
 “ punishment worse than death itself.
 “ As we beheld some persons approach-
 “ ing, I advised the gentleman to make
 “ the best of his way to my house, at no
 “ great distance. As we were walking
 “ along, I spoke consolation to him, and
 “ begged to know the particulars of his
 “ distress. In short, I soon found he had
 “ lost a great sum of money at play —
 “ that not having a resolution to brook the
 “ loss, pride was greater than his value of
 “ life. Without enquiring the sum, I told
 “ him, if he would sit down to my dinner,
 “ he might, perhaps, find a friend who
 “ might restore his mind to some compo-
 “ sure on this account. At first he seemed
 “ a little surprised; but when he saw my
 “ house, he began to think I was in ear-
 “ nest.

“ The gentleman soon came to himself, and returned me thanks for the trouble
 “ danger I had put myself to on his
 “ We

“ We were both presently equipped
 “ with some dry cloths—and making it
 “ appear to the servants that a slight acci-
 “ dent had happened—we were both
 “ seated over a comfortable dinner—
 “ plenty of good port—The unhappy
 “ stranger’s heart now opened—But to be
 “ brief; I undertook to settle his affairs,
 “ to reason and talk with him a little in
 “ my blunt way, which I find in the main
 “ does more good in these cases, when it
 “ is seen to come from an honest heart,
 “ than all your fine-spun phrases of senti-
 “ ment, without real assistance.

“ So pulling out a piece of paper, as a
 “ bond of my good intentions, I tendered
 “ it—it was a pretty round sum, which I
 “ shall not mention. I told him in the
 “ evening we would wait upon the par-
 “ ties. This put the unhappy stranger in
 “ good humour, as he told me, with the
 “ world; for he said he did not believe
 “ there was such a man to be found in it,
 “ and that was one principal reason why
 “ he did not care how soon he left it.

“ When

“ When we sat off, he begged of me
 “ first to drive him to his own house,
 “ where he proposed his wife should thank
 “ me for this effort of my generosity.

“ Would you believe it—as soon as I
 “ entered his house, two servants in rich
 “ liveries lighted me up stairs into a sumptuous drawing-room full of ladies, giggling, prating, and his lady as merry as the best of them. He had but just stepped into his dressing-room to make some alterations in his dress—When he entered, his wife, with much indifference, asked him if he would attend her that evening to the opera, and seemed quite ignorant that any distress had overtaken him—but calling her aside, he soon undeceived her, and related the circumstance which had transpired—To do her justice, she was a tender, good-hearted creature, and since that instant never left him night nor day. He had not acquainted her with what had passed, and the poor lady believing she had a right, in point of fortune, to indulge in her pleasures, went on without any regard,

“ gard, and depending entirely upon her
 “ husband’s prudence — but as soon as she
 “ had learnt the true state of his affairs,
 “ that instant she summoned up courage
 “ to break up her house in town, drop all
 “ her acquaintance — posted, by my ad-
 “ vice, into the country, where they now
 “ live much happier, they tell me, than
 “ they ever did.

“ I now began to think, that in the
 “ course of my private walks in these
 “ public gardens the odds were much on
 “ my side but that most of the solitary,
 “ gloomy characters I met with must
 “ be meditating a similar kind of cata-
 “ trophe from which I delivered this gen-
 “ tleman — the first object of my curiosity,
 “ and who had been the first instigation of
 “ this plan I have invented to fill up my
 “ time, and which has now determined me
 “ from returning to the old *sop-boiling*
 “ branch.

“ As soon as I enter the gardens, I al-
 “ ways ask the man at the gate, if he has
 “ observed any persons, male or female,
 “ who

“ who have gone in answering my descrip-
 “ tions. By a trifling salary, which ren-
 “ ders him more observant, he seldom fails
 “ to give me very distinct and clear de-
 “ scriptions.

“ Strange and motley characters, in-
 “ deed, are those whom I accost — some-
 “ times wrong, sometimes right, some-
 “ times I get affronted — but this kind of
 “ treatment, for acts of benevolence, I
 “ have been long accustomed to put up
 “ with, indeed even since I was an over-
 “ seer of the poor in my parish — for many
 “ abuses have I received, by being too
 “ officious in our vestry business. Thus I
 “ am pretty well accustomed to abuse —
 “ ‘bless those who despitefully use you.’ —
 “ Many are brought to despair by their
 “ own imprudence — but what of that; we
 “ must not condemn our fellow creatures —
 “ ‘Vengeance is mine,’ says the Lord —
 “ I like a little Scripture reasoning; so you
 “ will excuse my bluntness — and though
 “ I find they have led sad lives, I am al-
 “ ways of opinion that the bad may mend,
 “ if they find it their advantage so to do.
 “ I make

“ I make them all believe, to the best of
 “ my ability, after I have proved my sin-
 “ cerity by real acts of service, that Provi-
 “ dence never forsakes a man in his dif-
 “ tress, if he looks up to him—but indeed
 “ you may say, what have they to do with
 “ God who are tempted to destroy them-
 “ selves ?

“ I have accosted several people, under
 “ great religious apprehensions—but these
 “ I have met on my walks near the New-
 “ river way—for I do not now continue
 “ my perambulations always in the same
 “ place, as I find the scene of observation
 “ can be varied to much advantage.

“ These, under religious apprehensions,
 “ have imbibed doctrines, gloomy in their
 “ nature, and which convey ideas of abso-
 “ lute perdition. They are taught to be-
 “ lieve, that all their acts of piety and
 “ moral virtue will avail them nothing
 “ without grace—this they wish to prove
 “ by scraps of Scripture phrases in their
 “ own comment and unlettered accepta-
 “ tion, without bringing in opposition to

“ them

“ them other texts of our great divine
 “ teacher, whose doctrine was manifested
 “ for our happiness and not misery, even in
 “ this life, as well as hereafter.

“ Many round arguments I have brought
 “ in the face of their unhappy persuasions
 “ —victorious in argument, I have found
 “ them defeated by the efficacy of superior reasoning—but, alas! it was of little
 “ avail — by the original cast of their nature, they were induced to adopt a doctrine which corresponded with their natural gloom.

“ With these victims to constitutional
 “ melancholy I never found myself successful — and on taking my leave, I
 “ have been in doubt whether more to lament the misfortune of their *atra biliosa*
 “ complexions, which the doctor stiled
 “ them, who I called in to inspect the
 “ dead body of a poor journeyman shoemaker, taken out of the New River,
 “ and who had put an end to his existence
 “ in a religious fit of melancholy, or to
 “ vent my wrath against those schismatic

“ preachers who inculcate a doctrine com-
 “ mensurate with the natural gloom of
 “ their followers.

“ Some are distressed in love matters——

[Here Mr. Bygrove cast a look of significant benignity on the Major.]

“ To these no successful remedy can be
 “ applied, but the presence of the amiable
 “ object”—[To Miss Delrow.]

The smile was received with much applause by the company, and which Mr. Bygrove accompanied with his hearty hopes of being crowned with a perfect completion of happiness.

But to finish with brevity the anecdote which this singular, yet truly philanthropic character gave us, he said, that among the votaries to self-destruction, he once accosted a youth whom he had frequently observed to delight himself in solitary walks in the most gloomy haunts of the gardens, and whose attention seemed

uncommonly and usually fixed on a book which he pulled out of his pocket.

A short preface of sympathy soon led the youth into a kind of confession, and he declared, that by reading a foolish and feeble kind of a novel, originally written by an affected sentimental German writer, called Charlotte and Werter, he was induced to think his case was similar to the hero of the fable—for having had only a common acquaintance with a young and handsome newly-married lady, he had worked himself into the belief of a reality of sentiment, and was almost on the eve of committing the same rash action of the hero of the tale in his fit of sentimental madness*.

* It is no uncommon thing, I have been informed, at Zurich, in Switzerland, to hear of the repeated baneful effects that have arisen from the perusal of this trifling and ridiculous romance; the publication of which could have answered no good purpose, either in the view of delight, or instruction. But having acquired the sanction of fashion, all attempt to decry its merit will be, perhaps, fruitless.

The company were now preparing to sit down to dinner, when the Marquis de la Trouille entered, and, with some degree of anxiety, approached Lord Raymond—Some few words in private having passed, they retired together in an adjacent apartment, leaving the ladies in a state of apprehension, lest some unusual event had taken place. Their alarms were not unfounded for seeing the Marquis had, as far as propriety admitted, made very frequent overtures of an attachment to Miss Delrow, but who, from reserve and a fixed melancholy, had awed him to a certain restraint; they were apprehensive he was meditating some scheme of resentment against the Major, whom he might possibly have learnt was restored to this lady.

From his sensible, well-bred deportment, and spirited rescue of Lady Raymond from the brutal attack of the wretched libertine Morpet, and preservation of Miss Delrow's life, he had made the most favourable impressions. Thus entertaining very flattering hopes he might, supported by Lord and Lady Raymond's interposition, meet with

6

a final

a final gratification to his wishes; and as he knew that he had also made a considerable progress in the friendship of Miss Delrow, it was natural for him to be buoyed up with these sanguine hopes of success.

The apprehensions of the ladies were, in fact, in a great measure realised, for the Marquis had been in Portman Square during the absence of the party on the Kensington-garden scheme; and having for several days noted an unusual agitation in Miss Delrow, he had entertained a jealousy, and on his entry, seeing the Major, he called his Lordship aside to be informed of the nature of that gentleman's presence.

In this withdraw Lord Raymond opened, in the most unreserved manner, the peculiar interesting situation of Miss Delrow; and having been apprized of a former part of her history, he had no scruple to admit the truth — though but too visibly a very unwelcome one to his feelings — yet such was the gallantry and spirit of this young foreigner of distinction, he declared that he

rejoiced in her good fortune, and would be the last man in the world to think of invading her happiness, however in his private thoughts he might suffer the greatest possible distress.

With these sentiments the Marquis entered the saloon and took his seat—a visible apprehension seemed now to overspread the countenance of the ladies—however, the poor unrequited Marquis soon summoned up a generous condescending politeness, and making a motion to the Major, he ordered two glasses of wine—when, in a resigned, yet expressive look of friendly congratulation, he drank to him. It had all the effect of soothing the temporary alarms of Miss Delrow. It spoke peace to her soul, and a returning harmony now took place.

When the servants had left the room, the Marquis seized the first opportunity to address the Major nearly in the following manner :

“ I presume you are the fortunate
 “ gentleman who has the fairest title to
 “ the possession of this lady, who, on the
 “ presumption of your death, I had vainly
 “ flattered myself that time and constant
 “ assiduity might have prevailed over her
 “ reluctance, and that the friendship which
 “ she has bestowed on me might have been
 “ converted into a more tender epithet ;
 “ but every sordid wish that is fostered in
 “ my breast, at the expence of this lady’s
 “ happiness, I have sufficient generosity to
 “ repel, and indeed sufficient courage to
 “ prevail on my feelings to be present on
 “ the completion of that happiness. Suffer
 “ me therefore to make a tender of my
 “ heart-felt satisfaction on this occasion,
 “ by bestowing this lady’s hand on a lover,
 “ whose pretensions are more natural and
 “ better founded than my own ; and as I
 “ once had rescued her from an untimely
 “ death, guided by the hands of Provi-
 “ dence, I must consider you as the person
 “ designed for this divine reward.”

The Marquis here rose up, and with
 great gallantry took hold of Miss Del-

row's hand which he presented to the Major.

The particular obligations which Miss Delrow laid under to the Marquis for the preservation of her life drew from the Major the most cordial return of gratitude ; and this lady, on the present occasion, was not remiss in confessing the same.

“ Whatever eternal friendship and gratitude can bestow,” says she, “ shall be paid as a tribute to a benefactor so deserving as the Marquis de la Trouille. Though the heart, by certain laws of existence, far beyond our comprehension to describe, will impel us to bestow our hands on a more favoured object of our choice—still the sex can reserve a share of it for an exalted friendship of great value, and of equal duration with our lives. To [the] Marquis I bestow this pure and sincere friendship, accompanied with every grateful return for his generous services. Would he could have found a return more commensurate with his favourite wishes ! — but my
“ pro-

“ professions of fidelity had been early
 “ sanctified with a mutual return — and it
 “ must have been on the violation of the
 “ most sacred ties, if I had favoured his
 “ solicitations—receive then my thanks—
 “ it is all I have to give—but sure I am,
 “ this heart will always have a warm prayer
 “ for the man who has been the cause of
 “ all my earthly happiness.”

Miss Delrow cast an almost imperceptible
 glance on the Major. The Major
 bowed. The Marquis filled his glass—It
 was, “ Success to the woman of his heart
 “ on the final conclusion of his hopes.”

Peace was restored in all bosoms.

Yet the duration was not long. Uncer-
 tain life, thou art always teeming with
 trouble!—short are thy joys—in vain may
 we flatter our deceitful hearts with perma-
 nent happiness—it will not last—these effu-
 sions should be calm—we should receive
 the cup of pleasure with a trembling hand—
 the soul may derive its ecstasy by contrast;
 but misery may preponderate.

Louis arrives with a note. The Major reads it, and the penetrating eye of Miss Delrow sees emotion in his countenance—He rises from the table—he calls for pen, ink, and paper—he retires.

The keen sensations of the women pursue the rigid maxims of the men in all their ways. When love and exquisite goodness direct their jealous inquisitiveness, they prove our guardian angels.

She is alarmed—she takes advantage of his absence, and Louis is interrogated. The note was sent from Captain Stanley. Her fears are expressed to Lord Raymond.

Raised to the highest pinnacle of human ecstasy, she sees a gulph of extreme wretchedness. She is again tortured with all the anguish of a feeling heart—but an ineffable look of mild rebuke recalled her wayward anxious spirit—the look bespoke an angel-like resignation—Miss Delrow approached her friend—she grasped her hand—she related her fears—painted the scene of two desperate combatants, and had already anti-

cipated the whole catalogue of human calamity—but she was tranquilised by a gentle maxim of endurance. Her friend had taken pains to instil into her mind the precepts of patience. The dread forebode of evil had been the unhappy bane of all her past life. Under human trial she had magnified her griefs, and had plunged herself into greater misery by her want of patience to endure them.

Lady Raymond now recalled the past to her mind, and she recovered some fortitude to wait the end of this event.

The note Major Moreton received was to the following effect :

“ Though hypocrisy will make a man a
 “ temporary convert to the designs of
 “ baseness and perfidy, truth will prevail
 “ over the most insidious artifice. It is to
 “ *truth* I have made an appeal to detect
 “ your falsehood, and it is to *hypocrisy* I
 “ now address myself for justification.

“ If the character of Miss Delrow could
 “ have merited the confessions of an un-
 “ polluted attachment to her person, I
 “ should not now accuse you of an insult
 “ to my sister, and treachery to your friend
 “ —but as I can bring proof that you have
 “ given the preference of attachment to a
 “ woman of base and notorious prostitu-
 “ tion, I therefore call you to defiance, and
 “ to the severity of justice.

“ I am prepared to meet you — time,
 “ place, and weapons, I leave to your
 “ choice.

“ T. STANLEY.”

When Lord Raymond had perused this challenge, it immediately occurred to him that Miss Delrow had been again assailed by an enemy.

She had related her meeting with Mrs. Courtray, and from the circumstantial incidents which related to this lady in her negotiations with the Stanley family, there seemed a probability that she had been the

imprudent, yet, perhaps, innocent authoress of this intended mischief. To enforce the resentment of Captain Stanley against her nephew, was not a presumable thought on the consideration of her conduct ; yet as the match with the Stanleys was an evident contrivance of her's, it seemed probable that she and the Captain had an interview, and that having met Miss Delrow in a critical manner at Mrs. Bennet's, this lady had suffered in her character by the discovery — that passing her own comments on this visit, which arose from the most exalted sentiments of courage in affliction, as from every other exertion of female virtue, she had converted the same into the most guilty conduct.

With these sentiments Lord Raymond resolved on a plan of compromise in the business, and undertook to convey the answer of Major Moreton to Captain Stanley's note, in person.

“ Under the black accusation which
 “ you are pleased to make against the
 “ character of a virtuous lady, and under

“ a similar injustice shewn to me, I scorn
 “ to make any other reply than this :

“ I am prepared to face you. Lord
 “ Raymond has undertaken to put this
 “ note into your hands, and to inform you
 “ of the time and place of our meeting.

“ E. MORETON.”

When Lord Raymond delivered the answer, he entered into an expostulation to vindicate the character of the Major. But to his surprise he found him obstinate in his resolution to meet him. He had entered on the defence of Miss Delrow's character, and suggested his suspicions concerning the insinuations of Mrs. Courtray ; but he still found him to be untractable, and determined to resent the insult which he considered as shewn to his family, and in which his own honour, in the eyes of his acquaintance, was concerned.

Such is the fascination of custom, and the ready desire of the world, to put the most criminal interpretations on our conduct ;

that, swayed by the evil side of a question, it does not admit of palliatives.

The story of Miss Delrow at Mrs. Bennet's had been circulated. The Stanley family were not satisfied with the vindication of Major Moreton's honour. A certain description of sedulous friends, more prone to the encouragement of confusion than in the establishment of order and repose in society, were the instigators of Stanley's resentment. The world was prepared to brand him with opprobrium; and his young blood, heated by the buzz of the day, was intent to act a scene which required another species of resolution—a greater effort of true bravery. Patience to defy the malice of misjudging acquaintance, and to arm himself with the true buckler of honour—to use a cool endeavour to arrive at truth, and, being in possession of it, to summon up a resolution to place that shield against every effort of malice or censure.

But the spirit of a soldier could not brook the eye of suspicion, or be calm under the appearance of a spiritless conduct. Friend-

ship, justice, and mercy, were to be sacrificed to this deceitful shrine of public suspicion; and to give colour to his resentment, he had perverted the most innocent motives of his friend, and wrecked his imagination in devising appearances to extenuate his resentment.

The absence of Miss Delrow's aunt, Mrs. Daigenville, was now made a motive to traduce her character. This argued the misconduct of her niece, and it was in vain that Lord Raymond could introduce the most persuasive language to produce the least moderating effect.

In short, Stanley insisted on a meeting. The evening was advanced — he would not close his eyes on his resentment, and his Lordship was obliged to propose the terms of a modern duel.

Stanley's second was present, and it was finally determined that they should adjourn to a coffee house in the neighbourhood of Portman Square, where Moreton should wait on them.

When Lord Raymond arrived at his house, the hopes of the parties were flattered with a happy termination of the business; but when he had called the Major aside, and some bustle was noted in the interview, the anxious curiosity of the ladies was raised, and they soon wanted very little instruction to perceive that their alarms were but too obviously well founded.

It was resolved upon as a final adjustment of this business, that Major Moreton should first receive Captain Stanley's fire before any interposition of the seconds should take place; and that, previous to his departure, he should avoid an interview with Miss Delrow. To this he assented; and a coach having been ordered to the door, Lord Raymond and the Major were stepping into it, when Miss Delrow, rushing from the saloon, flung herself upon the Major.

“ Moreton ! Moreton ! ” she cried —
 “ are we only preserved to this moment to
 “ be the sport of a wretched existence ? to
 “ be mocked with shadows of happiness ?

“ You are now rushing to a scene of hor-
 “ ror. — Alas ! I want but little skill to
 “ divine — ’Tis the bloody Stanley — inex-
 “ orable man — Terrible decree ! — Will
 “ you not cast a farewell look upon me ? —
 “ Cruel, cruel custom of imperious honour
 “ — He leaves me — Distraction — My
 “ brain will turn — I will follow him.”

It was with difficulty she was restrained
 — The coach drove off — The Marquis
 and Mr. Bygrove ran to their assistance —
 but the latter gentleman having been made
 acquainted with the nature of the affair,
 made all possible dispatch into the street,
 regardless of a covering to his head.

The Marquis and Lady Raymond were
 administering comfort to the distracted Miss
 Delrow. There was only one kind of doc-
 trine to be used — *Patience* and *resignation* —
 but the irritable temper of Miss Delrow
 was not adapted to this sentiment — she was
 born with more acute feelings — the con-
 flicts of her soul now repelled every attempt
 to sooth her anguish — Her strength of body
 sunk

sunk under the harasses which her mind had so recently undergone.

Such is the contrast of the female constitution. Great trials of affliction overset the fabric of the brain ; and the strongest of us will ultimately be forced to yield to these extremes of sorrow.

Such was the limit of Lady Raymond's grief in the hour of distress. With Miss Delrow, nature changed its principle — The extreme of her sufferings made her constitution take a different turn, and she fell deprived of all appearance of life. This may, perhaps, in many instances, prove the best relief which nature has to offer, when the delicate organs of the sex are thus violently agitated — when the soul returns to its former possession, the body awakens with less forcible sensations of anguish — the impression is not so powerful, and by degrees it yields to a fixed and settled sorrow, which sinks it down to the earth.

Miss Delrow revived, and was conveying to an upper apartment, when the car-

riage of Mrs. Courtray drove furiously up to the door. Her name was sent up. Lady Raymond, in this critical juncture, resolved on giving her a meeting: She conjectured some happy turn might arise in the extremity of this affair; and it was also judged as prudent to undeceive this lady in her prejudices. There was now an opportunity which presented itself for a favourable negotiation in the affairs of the Major, her nephew — wherefore, after having whispered some favourable hopes to Miss Delrow, and offering reasons sufficiently forcible to dissipate her fears, and to restore her to a certain degree of calmness, Lady Raymond made preparation to wait on Mrs. Courtray.

When she descended, she found this lady in the greatest possible agitation of mind.

“ I hope your Ladyship will excuse the
 “ abruptness of my visit. I have this
 “ instant come from my nephew, Major
 “ Moreton’s apartments, and I am directed
 “ here to find him. His servant has in-

“ formed me of his suspicions that his
 “ master is engaged in an affair of honour
 “ with Captain Stanley — he has this mo-
 “ ment sent for his pistols, and as I have
 “ been unfortunately interested in some
 “ concerns with the Captain’s family, I
 “ have my fears but too strongly con-
 “ firmed.

“ I am the most unhappy of women —
 “ I fear my indiscretion will prove my se-
 “ verity of punishment. “ What will be
 “ the issue of this business! — I dread to
 “ think of — Will there be no possibility
 “ of preventing them? — Whither are
 “ they gone? — It is in my power to settle
 “ every thing happily. — I must see Cap-
 “ tain Stanley — I fear — I dread to think
 “ of what may happen.”

Lady Raymond in reply observed, that she had no possible method of discovering the route the parties had taken; but she immediately rang for a servant, who was dispatched with the Marquis to find out the combatants — they were to assure Captain Stanley, that Mrs. Courtray, who was now

at Lord Raymond's, was prepared to undeceive him in his resentments, to make him every imaginary reparation for the apparent insult which her nephew had shewn to his family—conjuring him to withhold his resentment, as, in all probability, he would have but too great reason to repent of his precipitated conduct.

The porter had noted the coach to take a direction towards Oxford Road, and by a random kind of venture they were to pursue the route it had taken.

NARRA-

NARRATIVE XXXVIII.

WHEN Lord Raymond and Major Moreton repaired to the coffee house, it was not judged a prudent place to decide an affair of honour in : the parties therefore removed to the fields at a short distance behind the new buildings.

The ground was measured out, and the duellists took their distance—the evening was set in, and it was growing dark—Lord Raymond gave a pistol to the Major—Captain Stanley received one from his second. Major Moreton said he was prepared. Captain Stanley presented, and fired without any injury. Major Moreton discharged his pistol in the air. Lord Raymond now stepped forward, and thus addressed Captain Stanley :

“ SIR,

“ I hope my friend has now proved to
 “ you that his life has been placed on his
 “ word. You have charged him with
 “ falsehood in his engagements with Miss
 “ Delrow. You have traduced this lady’s
 “ character. If you are resolved on the
 “ execution of justice, you should be cer-
 “ tain of the truth of your reports before
 “ you risque your own life with that of
 “ another brave man. Major Moreton
 “ has now made you ample satisfaction.
 “ You must therefore listen to proposals,
 “ and be undeceived in your suspicions.
 “ You must clear the character of an in-
 “ jured lady. I beg your presence there-
 “ fore at my house—there you shall have
 “ a more complete satisfaction—you will
 “ have an opportunity of being unde-
 “ ceived in the error into which you have
 “ been unhappily involved. Your huma-
 “ nity will, perhaps, induce you to make
 “ an apology to the injured Miss Delrow ;
 “ and as ample a one to the gentleman
 “ whose life your rashness has here exposed
 “ to the most imminent danger.”

Captain

Captain Stanley's second here replied :

“ That his friend came to insist on a
 “ reparation of a still more ample nature—
 “ that he would hear of no extenuation.
 “ The injury which his sister had received,
 “ and the breach of friendship which he
 “ had witnessed from the Major, must ex-
 “ act the most complete atonement.”

Moreton was here called to by Stanley to discharge his other pistol, for it was his intention to return his fire, if he escaped the shot.

This determined resentment now raised the spirit of Lord Raymond, and insisting that his friend had made the completest reparation, he was himself now resolved to interpose in a farther prosecution of this inhuman business.

At this critical and interesting period, the voice of Mr. Bygrove was heard in the loudest manner shouting: “ There they
 “ are! — Mr. Justice, do your duty.
 “ There

“ There is nobody killed yet — pray do
 “ not let them fire again.”

At the heels of the Magistrate a considerable number of people had assembled, and the croud approached.

On the testimony of Mr. Bygrove the Magistrate accused them of a violation of the peace, and that unless their unhappy dispute was amicably settled, he was determined to proceed in the duties of his office.

Some trifling demur was proposed by the second of Captain Stanley; but a bystander having declared that he saw the second pistol fired, there wanted no farther proof, and the parties were therefore on the point of retiring, when the Marquis de la Trouille and Lord Raymond's footman made their appearance — They had fortunately heard the report of pistols, and had made the best of their way towards the spot, having been fortunately directed towards it by a stand of coaches, which, being opposite the coffee house where the coach stopped, had observed its motions.

Their

Their presence was now of the greatest consequence for delivering their message in the name of Mrs. Courtray. Captain Stanley was prevailed on to accompany Lord Raymond to Portman Square.

The joy that Mr. Bygrove expressed on this occasion was manifested in all the genuine symptoms of an heart teeming with the greatest love for his fellow creatures—He had, on his running out of Lord Raymond's, very fortunately observed the turning of the hackney coach out of the square, and making the best of his way, he eyed the direction of it to no considerable distance in Oxford Road, where it set them down. He was soon at the spot, which he found was a coffee house—but to put the most expeditious stop to the business, he had procured a person to find a Magistrate, while he himself kept a look-out at the door; but Lord Raymond having recognized him on the scout, took occasion to signify the same to the party, and they slipped out the back way.

Some little time elapsed before the Magistrate arrived, when Bygrove, thinking sure of the quarry, entered the house : but being made acquainted with their flight, and the direction which they took, the parties were thus surpris'd in the field.

When the company were arrived in Portman Square, it was now judg'd by the Raymond party, that the most conclusive and convincing mode of clearing up this unhappy affair, and rendering strict justice to all parties, would be to introduce them into the presence of Mrs. Courtray, whose imprudence had been the immediate cause of Captain Stanley's resentment, and whose ill-judg'd motives of providing a suitable match for her nephew, went very nearly to the utter destruction of her own happiness by his untimely death, which her own imprudent warmth of temper might have caused.

When this lady saw the parties, perfectly restored from all danger, the greatest satisfaction was discovered in her countenance, and she thus address'd Captain Stanley :

“ I am ready to confess my own indis-
 “ cretion in having suffered my warmth
 “ of temper to have exceeded the limits of
 “ prudence, and to have transpired at the
 “ expence of a young lady’s character—
 “ I am therefore ready to beg Miss Del-
 “ row’s pardon for the freedom of cen-
 “ suring her conduct, when I had no rea-
 “ son for that censure but my own ill-
 “ grounded suspicions, and the disappoint-
 “ ment I experienced on my nephew’s
 “ marriage not taking place with your
 “ sister.

“ You will pardon me from entering
 “ into farther particulars to betray the in-
 “ justice which my over-fond regard for
 “ my nephew’s welfare may have occa-
 “ sioned, and suffer me to utter one frank
 “ apology for my weakness. When age
 “ overtakes a woman, she is readily in-
 “ clined to prefer self-interest to the fine
 “ feelings of the heart.

“ To this I must ascribe my present de-
 “ lusion ; but hereafter endeavour, by the
 “ signalised experience of the present mo-

“ ment, to dedicate the remainder of my
 “ life to acts of greater beneficence and
 “ justice.”

The beautiful Miss Delrow now made her appearance — it was the first time Captain Stanley had seen her — he was rising on the conclusion of Mrs. Courtray’s confession to make his peace with Moreton — he paused — he was seized with admiration — detraction had misrepresented her person — he was now doubly convinced that her character had been as insidiously treated. There is a victorious front in purity which fascinates the men — they are overawed by virtue, when traduced by artifice and baseness. The dignified haviour of this young lady — the mild plaintive look of her countenance, wherein was seated all the perfections of her sex at once to the skilful and inquisitive eye, would make profelites of those who had even heard her name traduced.

Stanley first rose to Moreton, and asked his forgiveness. He bowed to Miss Delrow, and confessed the injustice he had done her; and so generous is the heart of

that man who may have been surpris'd into an act of intemperate rashness, by prejudice, heat of temper, or the arbitrary forms of life, that on conviction of his error he would open every artery to make a reparation of wrong.

Such were now the sentiments which agitated the breast of this gentleman.

The most satisfactory denouément having thus been made by Lord Raymond, a general happiness was compleated.

The pen of sympathy could dilate with rapture on this auspicious moment of two lovers.

It was, indeed, a moment of elysium—it was the final period of their sufferings.

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